APR 19 1933

PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION

Incorporating *The Athenæum*

Vol. V. No. 111 (New Series) **SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1933** [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] **SIXPENCE**

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . *Page* 433
A TALE OF BLUNDERS 436
LABOUR'S OPPORTUNITY. By G. D. H. Cole . . 437
A LONDON DIARY 438
THE TRIAL OF A BRITISH SUBJECT 439
BARTER AND WOODEN MONEY 440
THE QUEST. By Y. Y. 441
POGROMS AND PRETEXTS. By MacFlecknoe . . 442
CORRESPONDENCE 442
From Indian; A. Fenner Brockway; Irene T. Barclay and Evelyn E. Perry; E. Denby; F. M. Hardie; J. F. Horrabin; "Martini"; Diana M. Latt; A. Werner; Louis Golding; P. C. Gordon Walker; R. W. Postgate; B. F. Mendel.
STANZAS FROM "THE SWORDS." By Roy Campbell 445
ILLUSTRATIONS WHICH ILLUSTRATE. By J. F. Horrabin 446
M. COCTEAU'S FILM. By Francis Birrell . . *Page* 446
PLAYS AND PICTURES 447
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . . 448
REVIEWS:
Two Translations. By C. M. Bowra . . . 449
Ireland's Schoolmaster. By V. S. Pritchett . . 449
An Old, Old Idol 450
New Novels. By E. B. C. Jones 451
The True Flaubert. By G. W. Stonier . . 452
Oscar Wilde 452
Lord Melchett. By H. L. Nathan, M.P. . . 454
SHORTER NOTICES 456
ABOUT MOTORING 458
PLAYTIME. By Caliban 460
THE WEEK IN THE CITY 462

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

MR. MACDONALD is to make his expected visit to Washington during the Easter recess. Mr. Roosevelt welcomes the opportunity to discuss "the general economic question and the problem of disarmament." There is no reason to speculate about the omission of war debts from this agenda. In the present economic condition of the United States it is useless for Great Britain to make war debts the basis for discussion. War debts must be made part of a general discussion of world economic recovery. If there is a prospect of many million dollars' worth of new trade, a moratorium on the comparatively small sum paid by this country in war debts will no longer seem so important in the United States. In co-operation between the United States and Great Britain there may be some hope of world recovery: the wiping off of debts may well be incidental to plans for that recovery.

The Russian Embargo

The debate on the Russian Embargo Bill showed the House of Commons at its worst. The sympathy and anxiety for the prisoners in Moscow which everybody feels was overwhelmed in an orgy of prejudice and passion, and to this the Foreign Secretary pandered disastrously. His only object, and the object of the Bill, he insisted, was to help the accused men; but it would be difficult to conceive anything more harmful to their interests than the manner and much of the matter of his speech, and the furious cheers with which his supporters greeted it. In the early stages of the affair the British Government behaved with an insolence to the Russians which it would never have dreamed of in the case of any other country; it continues, despite the obvious effects in Moscow, to treat them as irredeemable knaves and fools. Sir John Simon and other members of the Government profess that they do not want a complete breach with Russia; but a large section of their party would obviously welcome it, and for these infatuated anti-Bolsheviks it seems that peace, trade, and even the safety of the arrested engineers, are bagatelles as compared with the chance of venting their spite. The Russians, we have been told, are suffering from "morbid hysteria." Any visitor to the House of Commons on Wednesday might well have thought that British legislators were suffering from a worse attack of the same complaint. We can only hope that this mischief will be stopped before it is too late.

Nazi Outrages

The official boycott of the Jews in Germany passed with only a single murder reported, but there have been several Nazi murders since—two carried out over the frontier—and a number of Jews have taken refuge in suicide. Two British subjects have been arrested in Berlin. Mr. Catchpool has been released but of the fate of Mr. Fraser we have as yet no news. The tale of brutal outrage against Communists and Social

Democrats continues. The rule is said to be a glass of castor oil for Social Democrats and a double quantity for Communists. Terrible floggings are often administered at the same time. It has been suggested that these stories are exaggerated. Our information is the opposite—that reliable correspondents in Germany hesitate to cite a quarter of the known cases for fear of endangering the lives of particular individuals. We could ourselves fill a large part of this paper with well-authenticated examples. The most far-reaching Nazi procedure is the dismissal from their occupations of anyone accused of being a Jew or of having Socialist sympathies. Patronage is now the economic basis of the Nazi movement, and hundreds of competent professional men are being left destitute. There have rightly been impressive protests on behalf of the Jews—but international scholarship and science as a whole is surprisingly silent. We are glad to see that the National Joint Labour Council is holding a protest meeting in the Albert Hall next Wednesday, and that something is being done for destitute Germans who arrive in this country. In particular, we call attention to a German relief matinée of *All God's Chillun Got Wings* (with Paul Robeson and Flora Robson playing), which is being acted at the Piccadilly Theatre on April 21st at 2.30. Particulars can be obtained from Miss Seton, 1 Litchfield Street, W.C.2.

The Four-Power Pact

It was pretty evident from the outset that the Four-Power Pact plan launched by Signor Mussolini and Mr. MacDonald would have a rough passage before it got to port. Now it looks as though it may never get to port at all. The Little Entente and Poland have made no secret of their hostility to it, and France, whose consent is, of course, essential, has hesitated whether to kill it or emasculate it. In principle the objectors can put up a strong case against a proposal which looks like an alternative to the League of Nations, and even an attempt to supersede the League. Efforts to assure them on that point, by promises that everything will be within the framework of the League, leave them unconvinced. What then, they ask, is the meaning of this pact of the four Great Powers? And they naturally fasten—France as well as the Succession States—on "treaty revision" as adumbrated in the Rome conversations. It is not surprising that they should be unhappy about that—especially as neither Italy nor Great Britain are offering to give up anything they got out of the Great War. But clearly, if there are to be territorial revisions (and there must be sooner or later), they should not be solely at the expense of the smaller Powers while leaving the great ones intact. The problem bristles with difficulties, which are not going to be settled by this Four-Power Pact. Nor, we surmise, will they be settled by the counter-proposals, or modifications in the plan, which the French Government is preparing.

The Pirate's Progress

While Europe is distracted with its troubles the Japanese advance in Asia attracts little notice. But it goes on according to plan. We never believed the professions of the invaders that they would be content when they had secured Jehol. They are now in occupation of Shih-menchai, well to the south of the Great Wall, and they will doubtless occupy other and more important places as and when it suits them. Meantime they have found another problem for the unhappy League of Nations. Despite their secession from the League they claim the right to retain their mandated islands in the Pacific. Their right, they say, is based on the fact that the mandate was given to Japan not by the League Council but by the "Allied and Associated Powers," and, what is more, the islands had been promised to her by a secret treaty in 1917. This is a quibble. All mandates were in the first instance given by the Supreme Council, before the establishment of the League; and all, including Japan's, were later taken over, so to speak, by the Council of the League and accepted by the various mandatories "on behalf of the League." For the moment no practical trouble is to be anticipated from this piece of effrontery. But trouble there will inevitably be in the future. If the Japanese get away with their claim what is to prevent others doing likewise if they choose? And what in principle, and in fact, becomes of the whole mandatory system?

The Tax on the "Divi."

Co-operative delegates from all parts assembled in London on Tuesday to protest against the proposal to tax Co-operative surpluses, except those distributed in dividends on purchases; and a Co-operative deputation from every area went separately to the House of Commons to interview the local M.P., and present a petition against the tax. In order to keep within the law against mass demonstrations in the Westminster area, the Co-operative delegates went to the House in small groups, each bearing its own local petition. What reception they met with at the hands of their M.P.s is unknown; but the Co-operative movement has demonstrated its united opposition to a tax proposal which plainly admits of no logical defence—for by what right can dividends be exempted from tax, and sums which the Co-operative Societies are perfectly free to distribute as dividends if they choose, be subjected to taxation? Even the traders' organisations see the futility of the recent Committee's proposals; under them a Society has only to increase dividends and reduce appropriations to reserve to escape the tax. The private traders want the "Co-ops" to be taxed on their turnover; but how can this possibly be done when no corresponding tax is imposed on private trade? Co-operative dividends cannot be taxed as such unless every sort of trade rebate or discount is to be taxed as well; and that would by no means suit the private traders. So the Committee has proposed a half-measure which is palpably absurd; and the Government is being urged to carry it through, in face of Mr. MacDonald's election pledge to the contrary.

War and Armament Firms

At the annual general meeting of Vickers, Ltd., the Chairman spoke of the "misleading views" of people who suggest that armament firms stir up strife "with the deliberate intent to bring about war." For our part we should certainly not suggest any such deliberate intention, but it needs no "vivid imagination" to see that the competition of armament rings may create the atmosphere which leads to war. It was, after all, a sober Commission of the League of Nations which declared in 1921 that armament firms had fomented war scares, bribed officials, spread false reports, and manipulated newspapers with the object of increasing the sale of arms.

These conclusions were based on a knowledge of such scandals as the "big navy scare" of 1909, the Mitsui-Vickers case and the Krupp scandals just before the war. We are glad to have Sir Herbert Lawrence's assurance that "there never has been and never will be the shadow of substance" for accusing the present Vickers of such practices. Unfortunately there is only too much evidence that other armament rings are still adopting similar tactics to-day. Papers like the *Temps*, the *Journal des Débats* and *Universul* (Rumania), have recently come into the contest of continental armament firms and have been, as one might expect, bitter opponents of the disarmament proposals at Geneva. Nor has the public altogether forgotten Mr. Shearer, who was paid $51,230 (and claimed another $255,655 as his due) by American armament firms for his journalistic activities during the Naval Conference of 1927. One arms scandal is being unfolded at the present time in Rumania. As a result of papers found in the house of M. Zeletzky, the representative in Rumania of the Czecho-Slovakian armament firm of Skoda, a number of striking allegations have been made in the Rumanian Parliament. It seems that a rumour (soon found to be baseless) was spread about that Russian troops were concentrating on the Rumanian frontier, that these rumours were traced to Skoda, which succeeded in getting large orders as a result, and that Russian officers had taken large bribes to procure the contracts for Skoda rather than for other firms. General Popolescu has committed suicide as a result of these revelations. We see no reason to change our opinion that the private manufacture of arms may, on the Continent at least, still be one of the many causes of war.

Air Disasters

The destruction of the *Akron* with the loss of seventy-four lives evokes the deepest sympathy in this country. The shock of the loss of *R*101 is still vividly in our memories. The enormous length of the *Akron*—only a few feet shorter than the Woolworth building—meant that any dip fore or aft was extremely dangerous, and in really bad weather airships are always seriously underpowered. The mystery surrounding the loss of the Imperial Airways liner, the *City of Liverpool*, in which fifteen lives were lost, has still to be unravelled, but the suggestion is that the problem is criminal rather than technical. If this should be established Imperial Airways, with its wonderful record, will be completely exonerated from the slightest stigma. While these disasters have shocked the world, the attempt to fly over Everest has proved successful. The Pegasus engine, with which the height record of 43,000 feet was achieved, only developed just enough power to overcome the terrible down current which had been predicted on the southern face of the mountain. The expedition is not likely to have achieved scientific results of great value, but it is a pleasure to congratulate the group of flying officers who brought this plan to a triumphant conclusion.

Sexual Reform

The League for Sexual Reform held a particularly interesting meeting on Wednesday evening, at which Mr. Robert Boothby, M.P., spoke on the sterilisation of the unfit. Dr. Norman Haire, the chairman, stated that where sexual reform was concerned it was easier in this country to find support among Conservatives than among members of the Left. There is a great deal too much truth in this statement, and the only other M.P.s who were present to support Mr. Boothby's plea were Wing-Commander James and Mr. Martin, both Conservatives. Major Church, however, who also spoke, introduced a Bill on the subject some years ago as a supporter of the Labour Government. Mr. Boothby was sensible, persuasive and humane. He stated that there are over three hundred thousand mental defectives in England and Wales, of whom only a small percentage are segregated in institutions, and that the others propagate themselves with a fertility about seven times greater than that of the normal population. At present it is doubtful whether the operation of sterilisation is legal, though a few doctors take the risk of performing it. For the poor it is almost impossible, as the hospitals will not allow it. The operation where males are concerned is now simple, safe and not injurious to health. For women it is more complicated. There seems to us no reason why sterilisation should not be legalised for those who desire it. The second proposal for the compulsory sterilisation of the unfit requires very much more serious consideration. If compulsory, who is to do the compelling?

The Ideal Home Exhibition

Our Critic writes: The *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition is better than ever. The noble arch of Olympia, shrouded in pale blue material, makes a magnificent setting, and the clean lines of the exhibitors' stalls combine to make an airy and stimulating effect. There are a variety of interesting and odd things to be seen, including the panels by Mr. Frank Brangwyn which Lord Iveagh wanted to present to the House of Lords for the Royal Gallery. These already look old-fashioned, without being appropriate to the building, and I entirely sympathise with their Lordships' decision not to accept the gift. Then there is the section of ideal dinner-parties, with table-decorations, menus and ideal guests, chosen by fashionable hostesses like Lady Londonderry, Lady Portarlington, and Lady Pamela Smith. I could not make out whether these ladies had any responsibility for the furnishing of these dining-rooms, which in most cases were staggering in their ugliness. The sixteenth-century chairs and table in Lady Pamela Smith's room have to be seen to be believed. Lady Mount Temple's dining-room was the only one in which the decorations were not calculated to spoil the appetite. Among some of the commercial exhibitors there is still a hankering for Ye Olde Englishe Nonsense, but the better-class firms mostly are making a genuine effort to keep up with the times. The Pel Tubular Furniture Company have the best arranged stand that I have ever seen in any exhibition. The Wedgwood exhibits make a refreshing oasis in the usual desert of English china, and the Gale House in the village of Ideal Homes is a great improvement on the usual type of suburban housing. A surprising and charming feature of the Exhibition is the garden in which masses of flowers, shrubs and young trees are planted against vast panoramic backgrounds, which enable you to enjoy being in Scotland, on the South Coast, and in the Eton water-meadows all at the same time. There is even a real waterfall, and the singing of unreal birds.

A TALE OF BLUNDERS

THE White Paper on the arrest of the Metropolitan-Vickers employees in Moscow tells us little that we did not already know. But it is important as being the official story—or the beginning of the story, for it only goes down to March 17th—of a series of lamentable blunders. Whatever technical justification the G.P.U. may have had for their action, it was a singularly inopportune moment for stirring up fresh trouble between Great Britain and the U.S.S.R., and it is pretty evident, both from the statements of our Ambassador in Moscow, and from subsequent events, that the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs was not a party to it. It was natural enough that public opinion here should be incredulous about the guilt of these British engineers, and anxious for their safety. There was a great deal of mystery about the charges, and there have been some remarkable trials in Russia in recent years. Conditions there are, as Sir Esmond Ovey puts it, " without parallel in Great Britain."

In all the circumstances it was reasonable, and indeed right and proper, that the British Government should busy themselves on behalf of the prisoners, and should represent quite plainly to Mr. Litvinov the state of feeling in this country. But unhappily their zeal outran their discretion. Ministers at home adopted a hectoring tone and made inflammatory statements; whilst our Ambassador in Moscow was encouraged to take a line in which remonstrance and warning became—or seemed to the Russians to become—dictatorial and insulting demands. Mr. Litvinov, said Sir Esmond Ovey in a telegram of March 16th, " asserted that our representations amounted to an ultimatum that H.M. Government could only maintain relations with Russia on the condition that British subjects were exempt from Soviet law and not subject to arrest and trial—in fact, that Russia is to change her laws." Is it really surprising that Mr. Litvinov, and a great many other people besides, took that view? We were quite obviously behaving in a fashion towards Russia in which we should not have behaved towards any other Power (except perhaps one of the calibre of Mexico, as Mr. Litvinov himself sneeringly hinted), and in a fashion which was peculiarly ill-calculated to serve the purpose we had in hand. That purpose was first and foremost to safeguard the interests of the accused men, to see that they got a fair trial, that they were liberated on bail in the meantime, and to make it easier and not harder for them to secure an acquittal. " These people," said Sir Esmond Ovey, " are completely unable to see themselves in any other light than that of an aggrieved Power struggling for their noble ideals against a world of political, financial and commercial conspirators. This feeling has reached a stage of morbid hysteria." There is a good deal that might be said on that, which we have not space to say here. But supposing the diagnosis to be correct, was the treatment pursued by the British doctors correct? Their action in that first week may have been well-meant, but it seems to us extraordinarily ill-advised—unless they wanted a breach with the Soviet Government, which we do not think they, or most of them, did.

But this was only the first stage. What happened after March 17th? Discussions went on, and the affair seemed to be taking a more satisfactory turn. The British prisoners were to be released on bail, and the Metropolitan-Vickers Company were apparently agreeable to this, until suddenly (why, or at whose instigation, it would be very interesting to know) they demanded the release of their Russian employees also. That demand was not unnaturally refused by the Soviet authorities. Despite this hitch, however, the prospect of an amicable settlement revived at the end of last week. But on Monday something had gone wrong again, and the Embargo Bill was thrown at the head of the House of Commons. What is the meaning of this new blunder? The Prime Minister was not too happy in announcing it, and his speech seemed to suggest that this power to prohibit Russian imports was only remotely connected with the Metro-Vickers affair, that its chief object was to provide against the situation that would arise on the expiry of the present trade agreement ten days hence. If that were the truth, there would be comparatively small cause for tears. The new trade agreement, as everyone knows, would aim at regulating Anglo-Russian trade in such a way as to redress the balance of imports and exports, and pending its conclusion no particular harm need be expected from a power of embargo, which can be taken off as easily as put on. But circumstances alter cases, and in the debate on Wednesday it was made quite clear that the passage of this Bill is only another flourish of the big stick. The *Daily Mail* on Tuesday welcomed it, in a choice and terse phrase, as the application to the Bolsheviks of " crude pressure, the sole thing which they understand," adding the advice that " Ministers must be ready with even more drastic measures if the prospect of the embargo does not compel Moscow to a speedy climb-down." It would be waste of ink to comment on this super-idiotic piece of psychology; we can only hope that the crudity will not have the effect of prejudicing the unfortunate men who have got to stand their trial.

What is wanted now is cool heads and common sense on either side. This game of slapping faces cannot be pursued indefinitely. The first business is to get the prisoners out of their plight with the least possible addition to the suffering they have already endured, and the second is to prevent the affair from worsening relations between the two countries. We do not believe that these engineers are in danger of their lives, or even, if mischief makers will only be quiet, of a sentence that will keep them in prison. The indictment has been drawn wide, so wide indeed that they can easily be found guilty of transgressing the Soviet laws. It is apparently a criminal offence in the U.S.S.R. to " acquire political and economic information except from persons officially authorised to communicate it "—so that any business man, or any innocent tourist for that matter, may be charged with espionage! It is also likely that the prosecution will allege " sabotage " in the form of damage to plant or machinery. But to that we may feel sure the prisoners will have an answer, and we do not believe that the Soviet court will be anxious to press a weak case against a good defence, unless it is goaded into such a folly by more folly on our part. And when this ordeal is over, there should be no delay in resuming the negotiations, which had already progressed far, for a new trade agreement.

It is childish to pretend that we do not want trade with Russia, as Russia does with us, and it is something a great deal worse than childish to depict this country as a

mere dumping ground for Soviet surpluses, and the Russians as rogues eager to cheat honest English manufacturers of their money. The Russians, it is true, have not settled the Tsarist debts, though they could easily enough be got to do so in return for long-term credits—a price that we believe it would be worth this country's while to pay. But, apart from this, there has been no default on any Soviet orders abroad, and there is no ground for fearing it. The Soviet Government owe money to Metropolitan-Vickers, but there is no question of their not paying it, and the suggestion that the arrest of the engineers was a deliberate plot for repudiation is one to which the Company themselves have lent no support, and which, in fact, is fantastic. The salient weakness of Anglo-Russian trade hitherto has been that we have imported too much and exported too little. The remedy is not to balance the account by importing less, but by exporting more, and the chief obstacle to that is the dominance of political prejudice and fear over economic interest. The bungling of the last few weeks has enhanced the prejudice and the fear; it will need a new and more intelligent policy, alike in Moscow and in London, to clear the air.

LABOUR'S OPPORTUNITY

THE defeat and eclipse, for some time at least, of Socialism in Germany has inevitably raised in many people's minds the question of the Labour Party's future in this country. It has led to suggestions in some quarters that, in Great Britain as well as in Germany and Italy, Fascism is bound to come, and that accordingly British Socialists ought at once to begin organising against the Fascist danger, to throw over their faith in parliamentary methods, and to prepare for a proletarian dictatorship as the only alternative to a dictatorship of the other side. Others, including apparently the National Joint Council of the Labour Party and the Trade Unions, have drawn the directly opposite conclusion that now is the time for a reaffirmation of unqualified faith in the efficiency of constitutional and parliamentary methods, and are summoning the workers to rally to the side of parliamentary democracy against dictatorships of any and every sort.

It should, indeed, be clear to every sensible person that it would be sheer madness for the Labour Party to repudiate constitutional and parliamentary action, and give British Fascism just the chance it now lacks of becoming a formidable force. The conditions do not exist in Great Britain to-day for the growth of Fascism *à la Hitler* or *à la Mussolini*. We have no ruined middle classes on a scale sufficient to provide the necessary recruits; we have no economic suffering, save in a few areas, extreme enough to drive men to desperate ventures out of sheer despair; and, most important of all, we are not suffering under the psychology of defeat which has been at the back of both the German and the Italian movements. The British Labour Party, if it plays its hand with reasonable skill, has a real chance of winning before long a clear parliamentary majority, and of taking over the actual government of the country by constitutional means. It would be insane to throw this chance away by a propaganda of force, since it is absolutely certain that force is the very last thing most of the supporters of Labour want to find themselves compelled to use. British Labour is strongly pacifist in sentiment; and a great mass of support would be alienated if Socialists seemed to be trying to climb to power by other than constitutional means.

But, when this has been said and accorded full weight, the fact remains that the mere proclamation, in all truth and sincerity, of pacific and democratic intentions will not carry the Labour Party far, or help it positively to win for a Socialist policy the additional body of support which it needs. It is unfortunately true that the Labour Party to-day, while it is gaining some electoral ground as a result of the growing unpopularity of the National Government, is not effectively rallying behind it the coherent and united body of support which is necessary for the implementing of a real Socialist policy when the time comes. Despite the victories of the Left at the Leicester Conference last autumn, and despite the good showing of the attenuated Labour Front Bench in the present House of Commons, there is within the party a large and growing mass of discontent, by no means confined to the intelligentsia, upon whom the blame for it is often laid, but widespread among the active local party workers in almost every area. Above all, though there is as yet no pronounced drift towards the Communist Party, which has singularly failed to grasp its opportunities, the Labour Party is showing no aptitude to draw in to its support, and encourage by the granting of influence and responsibility, the younger elements among its potential workers, who are crying out vainly for a clear and courageous lead, in a world never so much as now in need of leadership and courage. These critics want the Labour Party to become really Socialist, in a constructive sense, and to give them a plain lead for the achievement of Socialism by constitutional means.

Unhappily the Labour Party, even more than its rivals, still gives the impression of being, and actually is, a party of tired men, as far as its ostensible leadership is concerned. This is most marked of all on the Trade Union side, where it takes a terribly long time to rise to a position of national prominence, and a seat in Parliament is too apt to be the restful reward of prolonged industrial service. But it is true on the political side as well that it is hard for a young man to get into Parliament, or into a responsible position in the Labour Party machine. Seats that can be won are too apt to go either to those who have Trade Union financial backing or to those middle-class persons who can afford to pay their election expenses and contribute to the support of a permanent agent; and seats on the party executive are almost wholly beyond the reach of anyone who is not either the nominee of a big Trade Union or an outstanding national figure. All this is natural enough; but it results in the domination of the movement by old or middle-aged leaders, and in the effective silencing of the voice of youth within the party.

Age and experience have their virtues; but they are certainly not, undiluted, the virtues which the Labour Party needs to-day. Their dominance is reflected, in the head offices of the Labour Party and the Trades Union Congress, in a timidity in the advancing of Socialist proposals, in an inflexibility of propagandist method, and in an intolerance of outside help, as well as of outside criticism, which strangle the spirit of voluntarist effort among the enthusiasts of the party. The temper of the official elements is suspicious and unwelcoming to any save the most docilely orthodox offers of help. Their propaganda prefers the old familiar ruts to constructive planning for a rapidly changing world; and they are constantly more fearful of antagonising known forces than hopeful of enlisting new and untried forces on their side.

It is, however, of no use merely to criticise the Labour Party as it is, unless one can also suggest what could be done to make it a more real and live force for the achievement of Socialism. There is no need to shirk this challenge. The things that need doing at the present time are fairly evident, and there is a large measure of agreement upon them among the younger elements in the party.

First of all, it is necessary so to organise the younger potential members of the party as to make them a really effective force, and one capable of appealing to the imagination of those who are growing up to manhood. The Labour Party has its League of Youth; but at present it forbids this League to meddle with questions of policy, and confines membership to those under an age so low as to preclude the development of any real and coherent leadership within it. The League of Youth should be set free to discuss policy, to propose resolu-

tions to the party conference, and to enrol members at least up to an age at which positions of leadership in the wider movement are effectively open—say forty, at the lowest. If these things were done I am convinced that the League could be made a really powerful force, both in forming opinion within the party and in attracting to it the younger people who are at present repelled or disheartened by jaded and disillusioned leadership.

Secondly, the constitution of the Labour Party should be so amended as to give greater weight to the constituency organisations which do most of its work. The present constitution was devised before anything like the present organisation of the Local Labour Parties—to say nothing of their active and successful women's sections—had been brought into effective existence. Both in voting and in representation at the party conference and on the party executive the Local Labour Parties ought to carry far more weight than they do. This could be secured without any attack on the rights of the Trade Unions within the party; for the voting power of the Local Parties could be increased enormously while still leaving the Trade Unions a final majority control. What I am urging is in no sense an attack on the Trade Unions, but only an appeal to bring in other elements to help them more effectively in their struggle. If this were done, especially in the election of the executive, it would give the younger elements a far better chance of rising to a position of real influence in the counsels of the party.

Thirdly, in order to reduce the element of buying and selling seats which at present exists, the Trade Union political funds used in support of the party ought to be pooled, and at the same time steps ought to be taken to prevent the sheer purchase of seats by wealthy middle-class backers of the party. Unless this, too, were done the Trade Unions could hardly be expected to agree to the pooling of their own funds. It is wrong for safe seats to go either to elderly officials or to successful middle-class people merely because of their ability to pay, and irrespective of their qualities for useful parliamentary work. I grant that this is a difficult and thorny question, but I am sure it is a question that will have to be tackled if Labour is to get into Parliament a body of men capable of carrying through a clear and comprehensive Socialist policy.

Fourthly, the Head Office organisation of the party will have to be improved. Its present fault is far less that of inefficiency in detail than of acute suspiciousness of its own supporters and of an absence of any clear and constructive leadership. This may be largely the result of Mr. Arthur Henderson's prolonged absence at the Disarmament Conference, which has left the Head Office leaderless; Mr. Henderson *was* Transport House, as long as he was there to run the show. But, whatever the reason, the fact remains that Transport House, so far from eagerly welcoming friendly help and giving a constructive lead to the local parties, acts continuously as a wet blanket upon outside efforts—a trait which it shares to the full with its neighbour next door, in the Head Office of the Trades Union Congress.

Fifthly, but by no means least, a far clearer lead than has yet been given is needed in matters of policy. Transport House, without saying as much positively, has diffused the impression that it acutely disliked the Left wing resolutions carried at Leicester last autumn, though these clearly represented the preponderant opinion among Trade Union and Local Labour Party delegates alike. There has, at any rate, been no attempt to act on these resolutions, in the sense of using them as a basis for subsequent Head Office propaganda. Consequently, local workers are complaining that they do not know where the party stands, and that they are being left without an effective answer to Communist and I.L.P. critics and to the desire of loyal Labour Party members for a more forward Socialist policy—so that only the ineptitude of these critics is preventing them from detaching supporters from the party at a rapid rate.

Let the Labour Party by all means repudiate all ambition to play the dictator. Let it affirm as strongly as it likes its belief in constitutional and parliamentary means of attaining to power. Few will quarrel with it for doing these things, which are obviously right and sensible under existing British conditions. But it must not imagine, when it has done them, that all is done, or that a mere appeal to rally to the defence of parliamentary democracy (however necessary such an appeal may be to-day) will generate among the younger of its potential supporters the constructive enthusiasm which it must elicit if it is to gain power, and to put the power once gained to effective Socialist use. If it is to do that, it must give its young members a place of real responsibility and influence within the machine, increase the power of the men and women organised in the constituency parties, and responsible for most of the hard and unrequited work of the movement, amend its methods of selecting candidates, and, above all, install at Transport House a body of men who will be less fearful of criticism than eager to enlist the new forces of to-day and to-morrow in the party's support. I should like to see the "loyal grousers," as they have been called, within the party concentrating upon this clear-cut programme of internal reform; for I am convinced that there is a great chance for the Labour Party just now to win the active support of the younger workers, and of a large section of young middle-class people as well, and that this chance is being missed chiefly for lack of an effective party machine at headquarters and of means whereby men and women can rise to influence within the party young enough not to be stale, jaded, disillusioned, and incapable and suspicious of new ideas arising out of the rapidly changing circumstances of our time.

G. D. H. COLE

A LONDON DIARY

I HAVE just seen a detailed map of the Kakamega gold-mining area in the middle of the Kavirondo reserve in Kenya. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister had the impudence or ignorance—I do not know which—to tell the House of Commons on February 8th that the whole area likely to be broken into in the near future was not more than 1½ square miles. Actually, the mining field is about 420 square miles: much of it is already being prospected and some individual concessions are 20 or 30 square miles apiece. The map looks very like a plan of the trenches round Ypres in 1917. Corners and cross roads are marked in the familiar way—Piccadilly, Oxford Circus, Regent's Park, Golders Green and Hampstead Heath. Everywhere trenching and sluicing are going on. Damage to crops is said to be paid for in money, but certainly no compensation can be paid adequate to the damage done by sluicing, which washes the surface soil down into the streams and leaves bare stones instead of the land which was the natives' livelihood. The wage for the black man who helps to do this to his soil for the white man's profit is 4*d*. a day. No black man gets a chance of himself owning a mine, since a condition of getting a mining licence is to be sufficiently educated to read and understand the mining ordinance. The penalty for "obstructing" a white man who is prospecting is a fine of up to £300 or three years' imprisonment, or both. This is in one of the most crowded native reserves whose inviolability "for ever" was guaranteed by the British Government only three years ago. The only sign of conscience or prudence on the white man's part that I have seen in the whole story is a recent Government ruling which prohibits further prospecting in the southern area, where the population density runs up to between 900 and 1,200 per square mile. But nothing will ever restore the black man's faith in our word.

* * *

Corder Catchpool has been so good a friend to Germany that it was only to be expected that he would incur the dislike of the Nazis in their present mood. At a time when the rest of the world was roaring against "the Huns" (I regret to see the word back again in the headlines of a Sunday paper), Catchpool was in prison for refusing to fight, and since the war he has lived in Germany, relieving distress and doing everything in his power to assuage the bitterness left by the

war. I first knew Catchpool through his book *On Two Fronts*, which explained better than any other book the Quaker point of view about war. In 1914 he went out with a small group of volunteers who formed the nucleus of the Friends' Ambulance Unit and was awarded the Mons Medal for his services in looking after the wounded and the destitute refugees from captured French villages. The story of this work in typhoid areas is one of the less frequently quoted instances of war heroism. When conscription came he left the Unit to go to prison. I have seen him since in Berlin; I found him just the sort of person Nazis would dislike—friendly, unassuming, hard-working and willing to help anyone, Jew or Gentile, Nazi or Communist.

* * *

Sir Ernest Wild, the Recorder of London, has recently complained that a man could be given five years for stealing and seven for perjury, but that for a gross act of indecency with a member of the same sex the most he could get was two years. This, he said, was a most anomalous and indefensible state of affairs that one day might receive the attention of the legislature. I should like to remind Sir Ernest that such acts are not punishable in France and several other civilised countries, and that, apart from actual sodomy, they were not offences against the law in England till 1885, and then only as the result of a joke of Labouchere's. Such practices between adults are not important to anyone except those who indulge in them; the fact that they are repugnant to me and to most people is not an adequate reason for punishing them, unless they are committed in public or with minors. It is now generally agreed that homosexuality is usually either congenital or acquired in the earliest years of life. When the police are overworked with the increase of crime, it is particularly objectionable that they should waste their time on this type of offence. Recently a policeman dressed up as a sailor at Portsmouth, and then arrested a clergyman for accosting him. One would imagine that our sailors can protect their own virtue without the assistance of *agents provocateurs*. I am told that young policemen, chosen for their good looks, parade Hyde Park in plain clothes with the same object. If this is true, I should like to know how much of the taxpayers' money is wasted in this unnecessary and offensive way.

* * *

The B.B.C. has brought off few more difficult or successful ideas than its series of conversations between foreign and English workers. It succeeded in finding a Swedish engine-driver, a German agricultural labourer, a Dutch nurse, a Swiss weaver, an Italian waiter, a French gendarme, and a German bricklayer, all capable of taking part in an English broadcast, and persuading them to come over here to discuss their conditions of work with English counterparts in each occupation. The waiters discussed the tipping system—and did not think much of it. The Dutch nurse revealed the excellence of the maternity service in Holland. The bricklayer, who was a delightful character, told us that there were 86 per cent. unemployed in his Trade Union (which explains more than any other fact the collapse of the Trade Unions in face of Hitlerism). The Swede boasted, with excellent reason, of the advantages of a State railway system in which an engine-driver may get as much as thirty-five days' holiday a year with full pay. An odd difficulty apparently arose over language. The French gendarme, who was an interpreter, talked fluent English, but had the utmost difficulty in reading a line of MS., while the Swedish engine-driver had read plenty of English books, but had almost no practice in English speaking. The whole series has been an excellent bit of international work. The idea might well be extended so that we get, for instance, the comparative experiences of natives in different parts of the British and other empires.

* * *

I feel sorry for the Rothermere press. Having exhausted the phrases of abuse about the Germans only a few years ago it now has to search for new ones to apply to Russians. Thus the *Evening News* says:

> Their warped Asiatic minds are no more capable of comprehending the mental processes of a civilised Western people than are a cageful of orang-outangs.

* * *

> Smart women have for some time realised the importance of wearing different types of make-up for daytime and evening, but even now very few of them realise that the different restaurants, private houses, ballrooms and night clubs require entirely different make-ups. . . . Lady —— and Lady —— are most effective under the crystal chandeliers of Londonderry House and other grand ballrooms.—Daily paper.

* * *

Lady Houston on the conquest of Everest:

> India will now be forced to realise that the British lion is still full of pluck and courage. I should like to see the Union Jack with "Everest" written across it flying from every window, both here and in India.

* * *

> When God Almighty wanted to raise a nation out of a rabble of slaves He took them into the wilderness, and for forty years they tasted nothing but Adam's ale.—Mr. Magnay in the House of Commons debate on licensing (Hotels and Restaurants Bill), March 31st.

CRITIC

THE TRIAL OF A BRITISH SUBJECT

I SUPPOSE I took it all for granted, I mused to myself as I lay back on the uncomfortable mattress. Until I found myself here I never troubled about Magna Carta, Habeas Corpus, the Declaration of Rights, Trial by Jury, and other things which are not only in the history books, but are interwoven into the very fabric of British life. I wonder what made me think I could do the same things here as in England. Why was I fool enough to forget that I was no longer living in Swinburne's "chosen and chainless land"? Why did I not see that my every action would be misinterpreted, and that, dogged by secret police and spied on by Government agents, I should, along with my friends, be finally trapped in a web from which there was little prospect of escape? For it was now plain as a pikestaff that a ruthless bureaucratic machine was bent upon my conviction. . . . What a struggle it had been to get bail. Only the strong pressure exerted by our friends in the Old Country had finally obtained it. Similar action had been required to secure us proper exercise and tolerable prison conditions. But when we asked for trial by jury our prosecutors laughed. They reminded us we were not being tried in Britain, and it was even hinted that "justice" would not be satisfied if we were granted that right.

* * *

I had always heard how loquacious were our captors. But would this fellow never cease talking! For nearly eight weeks he has been reviewing the evidence of hundreds of witnesses brought from the farthest ends of the earth to testify against us. Thousands of documents and books have been "put in" to prove our guilt. I am a student, it is true, but to scan them all, much less absorb and believe them—as the prosecution suggests—would be the work of a lifetime.

* * *

To-day the long-drawn-out agony will probably end, for I hear that the judge has reached page 650 of the eternal typescript which contains his judgment, and there are but twenty-five pages more. Perhaps these last pages will affirm what the prosecution has acknowledged, that no single overt act of violence or illegality can be proved against us, and this trial, a punishment in itself, will end in freedom. Freedom, did I say?—hush! the judge is pronouncing the sentences—a stiff upper lip now whatever it may be.

* * *

"Did I faint?" I asked the warder. "It was the heat of the court." "Perhaps so," he said enigmatically, "perhaps

not. Ten years is a long time!" "I thought I dreamt that," I said, as I lifted myself from the mattress. "It is a dream that will come true," he murmured. "When," I faltered, "when shall I be leaving Moscow to commence my sentence?" He looked at me queerly, as though he thought I was light-headed. "Moscow," he repeated slowly. "This is not Moscow—it is Meerut!" CYNIC

BARTER AND WOODEN MONEY

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN NEW YORK]

ONE of the most interesting features of the depression in the United States in the past year has been the extraordinarily rapid spread of barter and the equally large increase in the use of scrip, or so-called "wooden" money. This abrupt simplification of the mechanism of exchange, which may replace for students the mythical desert island economy of Adam Smith and Ricardo, has no direct connection with the recent banking crisis. It is not due to panic and only in small part to a defective banking system. It is fundamentally an effort to resolve the paradox of "starvation in a land of plenty" by bringing consumer and producer directly together in such a way as to benefit both.

Barter and scrip-using organisations have sprung up throughout the country, until at present they are to be found in thirty out of the forty-eight States, and while no exact figures are available it is generally agreed that they are used by at least a million people. Which was the first organisation no one knows, but bartering had started in California by the summer of 1931 and scrip was being used in Louisiana by the fall of that year, while Seattle appears to have been the first city to combine the two on a large scale.

The simplest form of barter seems to come about spontaneously. A few weeks ago the pastor of a village church in Iowa announced that, in lieu of half his salary which they could not pay, he would be glad to receive from church members goods and service acquired for his family. Strict accounts will be kept and amounts received in the form of firewood, farm-produce, car-repair service and music lessons for the children, will be deducted from church support pledges. A doctor in Vermont reported that in return for professional services he had recently received two dozen fresh eggs and some butter.

In any community in which ready money is scarce because of unemployment on the one hand, and inability to find purchasers for goods on the other, barter takes hold very quickly, and, provided that good leaders can be found, it soon passes beyond the first simple stage and a barter exchange is set up. One of the best and most successful is at Los Angeles, where the sight of crops rotting in the fields because the farmers could not afford to pay to have them marketed led a small number of men to offer their services in return for part of the crop. The farmers agreed; and the men, in turn, stocked a small warehouse with the vegetables which they could not use themselves and began trading them for other foodstuffs and for such services as boot-repairing and dentistry.

This was over a year ago, and to-day the Unemployment Co-operative Relief Association of Los Angeles includes over thirty local barter units and supplies some 120,000 people with food. A sample of produce available at one unit on one day included:

1 crate beets.	70 boxes pears.
2 tons cabbages.	2 crates lettuces.
66 boxes celery.	6 sacks onions.
12 boxes carrots.	1 sack salt.
3 sacks cucumbers.	14 lugs tomatoes.
1½ tons rhubarb.	11 boxes turnips.

A number of citizens who cannot contribute to the Relief Fund in money make gifts in kind. In order to save telephone expenses the units communicate by wireless, operated by amateurs, and they have been able to obtain lorries and vans to move goods from one depot to another.

A council, with delegates from each unit, deals with general business and has to settle such matters as "a dispute regarding the failure of the Fish Committee to secure adequate co-operation with the San Pedro unit in putting fish in cold storage at proffered facilities at Wilmington."

In any organisation of this size mere barter is impossible. In a small one it is possible, by means of elaborate card-indexing, to balance services and goods offered against services and goods required, and to make a direct exchange each time. Barter is "simple" and the organisation serves merely as a clearing-house. But it soon becomes impossible to find a plumber with toothache to send to every dentist who needs bathroom repairs, so that the next step is to start book-keeping with credits and debits which are balanced, instead of goods and services. Credits are also necessary in order to make loans to those who need food or raw material before they can participate in the scheme. In a community of any size it is not long before book-keeping becomes too burdensome, and then scrip, credit checks or "wooden money"—apparently a generic name for all forms of non-legal tender—is issued and circulates within that group. Such scrip is in addition to "certificates of indebtedness" issued by many City Councils and other public bodies, whose "frozen assets" are of no avail, for instance, in meeting the salaries of teachers and librarians. Both public and private scrip is often dated, to prevent hoarding, and some of it is redeemable by stamp payment, a stamp being affixed each week, or at each transaction, and the money so collected being held until there is enough to redeem the note at its face value.

Perhaps the most complex barter system at present in existence is that established at Yellow Springs, Ohio. There are two separate exchanges; the Midwest Exchange is for producers to exchange goods between themselves—for example, types for printing service—and the other, the Yellow Springs Exchange, is retail and is used mainly by employees. The two are connected by common scrip, which is used both for wages and for purchases at the exchange. The producers are permitted to carry on an ordinary trade-for-cash with whatever produce they can sell in the open market, but in order to obtain scrip they must make deposits in the common stock, so that they cannot, beyond a certain point, sell goods for cash and make payments, e.g., wages, in scrip, which might lead to abuse and destroy the barter system. Such a system, as soon as currency is brought in, and even before it, depends entirely on active co-operation, on fairness, and on a desire to give good measure as well as to receive it. This active co-operation is impossible when there is a lack of harmony between different groups in the community, particularly between employers and employed. In Los Angeles itself the co-operative scheme has been loudly denounced by the Unemployed Council, a body of "direct action" workers, who demand instant food and cash relief without work. Professor Stewart Burgess, of Pomona College, California, has drawn an interesting parallel between the present situation and that in which Robert Owen found himself in 1833, just a hundred years ago, when the "direct action" syndicalists, opposing his principles of co-operation and harmony, advocated taking over industry by force, instead of by making common cause with the producers.

In Los Angeles the co-operators are plainly taking the more realistic view of the situation. In other parts of the country opinions differ both as to principles and expediency. In Colorado, for instance, organised Labour has joined the barter movement, giving as its reason that the jobless man is a potential blackleg. Unscrupulous employers are exploiting thousands at starvation wages; therefore organised labour should support barter, whereby workers will be fed and will have equal even if not exclusive voice in the management. Against this it is argued that once employers and employed join in a barter scheme all the evils of the truck system will return, and, anyway, non-co-operation should be the first article in the workers' creed.

The last point of interest in this curious situation is that it

reveals traits which Americans themselves declared to have been, until now, un-American. These traits are, on the one hand, the desire to co-operate, instead of to fend for oneself, and, on the other, the acceptance by an increasing number of workers of "class-war" philosophy and all that it implies. Both owe most of their strength to the depression, and at the present time it is the "barter system," perhaps more than anything else, which emphasises the dividing line between them.

THE QUEST

It will not be long till the spring migration of birds is in full swing, and theorists will once more be doing their best to account for the mystery. Not, presumably, that the reason why birds migrate is in itself mysterious: they would, I suppose, die if they did not. It is more difficult to explain the nature of the instinct that warns them of this in vast numbers and sends them flying in clouds over the sea to distant countries—the instinct that will enable a tiny bird to find its way back to the same remote garden in which it made its nest a year before. For the rest, I take it, birds have always migrated for much the same reasons as human beings. The economist can explain these as easily as most other things.

There can have been no romantic reason for the early wanderings of nomadic man. He, too, was a slave of circumstance who was compelled to become an adventurer in order to avoid death by starvation. He was part of a mob in search of food. It is doubtful whether, if the birth controllers had been in charge since the beginning of the world, man would ever have stirred many miles beyond the borders of those warm and fruitful valleys in which he was born. Many authorities nowadays deny the existence of the Golden Age, but I like to believe that the world was once a happy place and that our first parents lolled in luxury and indolence under fruit-trees that bore golden crops in never-ending abundance. At the same time I do not regret the excessive size of those early families. It was the large family that thrust its surplus in search of new food-territories till these ultimate islands were reached—an agreeable discovery, it must be admitted in April.

Even when men had wandered far from the place of their origin, however, and had made new homes for themselves in more or less settled states, the need for migration continued. The majority now remained at home, but the surplus minority was still driven out in search of food. Man would to-day be as much of a migrant as he has ever been if a great part of the world had not closed its doors to him. He is a migrant in impulse, a stay-at-home by necessity. The laws against immigrants have made him a prisoner.

When man first became a migrant, he liked to perform his migration in company. He moved from place to place in a crowd, and he did not move at his own desire. It must have been many centuries before he began to love migration for migration's sake. Ulysses is often thought of as a type of the romantic wanderer; but he was the direct opposite of the modern traveller. What he wanted above all was not to travel but to go home. There was little of the explorer in him save in his wisdom and his courage. Such a natural home-lover was he that he did not wish even to go to the Trojan War. Jason also, if report speaks truly, had his adventures forced upon him. The natural man in those days wanted to stay at home if he could be sure of peace and plenty.

Yet the passion for adventure must even then have been implanting itself in the soul of man. What was once a task was to become a delight, as it did in the matter of hunting animals. The tales of the great migrants, Ulysses and his companions, Jason and his comrades, fired the imagination with dreams of a life that was richer than common life; and men were lured to the ends of the earth, seekers not merely after food but after myths and wonders. It is probable that man always took a delight in testing his courage. The strong man loves to exercise his full strength and the hero longs for an opportunity of putting forth his courage to the full. It was of such stuff those knights were made who used to set out on horseback alone through a dark forest in quest of adventure. I have always envied those knights: they were so incredibly successful in their encounters with the ogres they met. I myself was restrained in childhood from wishing to imitate the knights by a suspicion that, if I met an ogre, the ogre would win. If I had lived in those days, I should have been there to cheer the knights as they set out on their journeys, but I should have stayed at home and got a bard to tell me stories of adventure.

I have always been a realist in regard to the impossible. I have been able to believe that other people could achieve the impossible, but I always knew that I could not. There were, I believe, early saints who set out in small boats in search of unmapped lands beyond the horizon. I should not have accepted a place in one of those boats, but in the course of time the unmapped lands were discovered. Man's instinct for migration has never failed him. The individual may have perished, but the race always triumphs in the end. I doubt if man has ever conceived the possibility of anything which brave men will not ultimately do. His migratory instinct, it seems to me, is scarcely less infallible than that of the birds. The North Pole draws him like a magnet till he has overcome all difficulties and reached it. If man ever makes up his mind that he can fly to another planet, I am tolerably certain he will end by getting there.

There are people who hold that man has all but reached the limit of the discoverable world, and that it is mere waste for courageous men to attempt to climb to the barren peak of Everest. I should, I imagine, if I had a friend who wished to climb Mount Everest, do my best to dissuade him, as before the war I should have done my best to dissuade a friend from joining an expedition to one of the Poles. That, however, is a measure of my timidity and not of the worth of the search for the Poles. We know instinctively that there is not an all-but-inaccessible corner of the earth that is not worth discovering. I am no judge of the value of the scientific results of Polar and other expeditions, but I hold that, even if these results were valueless, the achievements of the explorers would be infinitely valuable. They give the world heroes, as did the wars of the Greeks and the Romans. We may judge a war useless, but it may set a new hero clear before our eyes as a star in the heavens. And a hero is as rich as possession for mankind as a great work of art. The world would lose as much by not having known Nansen and Scott as it would if masterpieces of literature and painting and music were to perish.

We realise the truth of this instinctively when we read of Professor Picard floating madly high above the world in his balloon, or of the Englishmen who, during the week, have flown in their aeroplanes over the peak of Everest. These are heroic feats as daring as the first voyages, and they bring the Heroic Age out of the time of the Trojan War into the light of our own day. I have not the slightest notion whether the flight over Everest was worth it from a utilitarian point of view, but every one who read the story of the achievement knew, as he read, that it was worth it. Not for a king's ransom would I have sat in one of those aeroplanes, caught in the downward Niagara of wind and struggling in vain to rise against it at the mountain-top. But what an achievement of fearlessness, of self-control, of triumphal entry into a new world!

There was, until the war, a common theory that an easy-going civilisation made for the decline of courage; and, ever since the war, we have had numerous prophecies of the decline and decadence of the western world. But, so far as one can judge, there is little to support the view that the West has lost its passion for heroic adventure. There was never more than a small percentage of utterly fearless men, and there is no sign that the percentage is smaller than it used to be. If an expedition to the moon which held out the prospect of one chance in a thousand of success were organised to-morrow,

there are men who would volunteer to take part in it. Not I, for I should dislike the journey, to say nothing of the danger, and I would rather see the moon from the island at St. Ives. But there are men of a more heroic temper for whom difficulty and danger are positive attractions in the quest. They are among the masters of the art of life, and some of them have just flown over Mount Everest. Y. Y.

POGROMS AND PRETEXTS

These Hebrews want to turn out the German nation from the community of civilised peoples.—Herr Alfred Rosenberg.

HERR ROSENBERG, a word with you—
You Nazis, so I understand,
Not only hate but fear the Jew,
Who gains, you think, the upper hand
Throughout your German Fatherland.

In medicine, and law, and trade,
Finance, art, science, and the rest,
His brains must beat you, you're afraid—
So interpose a racial test.
Well, well, there's no doubt you know best.

Yet, in your latest screed, your fears
Have brought so wild a jest to birth
As, falling upon alien ears,
May well convulse the listening earth
With one wild peal of scornful mirth.

For, if your bullyings and boastings,
Baitings of Socialists and Jews,
Your castor-oil, your Kaiser-toastings,
Your dread of people who refuse
To feed the world with garbled news—

If these (since you will pass) should fail
To lay your country 'neath a ban,
This fancied plot, at which you quail,
Would be the merest "also-ran."
If you can't do it, no one can.

MACFLECKNOE

Correspondence

AN INDIAN VIEW OF THE WHITE PAPER

SIR,—Your analysis of the India White Paper gives a picture of the Government's constitutional plan for India for which there is little justification in the proposals themselves. The speeches made by Sir Samuel Hoare and others in the House of Commons are sufficient to confirm this view and to dispose of whatever lurking hope there might have been about the possibilities of the White Paper scheme. "Taking a long view, the setting up of a democratic Federal Government for 350 million people may well be the most important event of this decade," says THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. It may well be so, but no one is "setting up" anything. The White Paper scheme is merely the basis of discussion by another committee. It is an agenda; Sir Samuel Hoare had to emphasise this fact before he could marshal the Government's supporters on behalf of his resolution.

Further, there is no "democracy" or "Federal Government" in the White Paper scheme. Indeed the Secretary of State for India, in his speech, argued in its favour on the ground that Indian nationalism would not be able to capture the machinery of the constitution. The Government of India, according to this plan, will not be "Federal," but autocratic, as now. It will function, as it does at present, through the "steel frame" of an alien service over which Indians have no control.

The sanctions of the government of the future India as contemplated in the White Paper will not be derived from the consent of the people, but from the British Army, for which the Indian taxpayer pays, but does not control. In the last instance, the power, as Sir Samuel Hoare stated in the House of Commons, is in the Army and the British have the Army. The scheme does not contemplate responsible government. Its ethos and orientation represent a complete departure from the Montagu tradition. At best it can develop into partial representative government, but not responsibility. It is a Crown Colony mind that has fashioned these proposals.

The Governor-General is a King, Prime Minister, Generalissimo, Minister for Defence and Foreign Affairs, the real power in Finance and the Home Department, and he is the suzerain over the Indian Princes. To him is entrusted the holding of the scales even between Indian minorities. The Government of India and its officials have played the game of the proverbial monkey who divided the cheese equally so long that it is not difficult to understand what the minorities' safeguarding power implies.

Out of the Federal revenues of India 85 per cent. is to be unvotable, the remainder may be voted as grants; but the Governor-General, who has the final power of appropriation, may rescind or restore any item in conformity with the original proposals he submitted to the legislatures. The Governor-General is in complete charge of the "reserved" departments, a vertical division which gives him about two-thirds of the administration. In the third that is "transferred" he is permitted a large number of horizontal incisions which are not defined by extent or area, but merely by purpose, of which the Governor-General alone is the judge. He may, in addition, take charge of any or all departments of administration; indeed is enjoined to do so if an emergency, of which he is the judge, should arise. He has "Ministers" and "Counsellors." (This last nomenclature gives the arrangement that touch appropriate to one dealing with an Oriental people.) He may take the advice of his Ministers, in fact, he is asked to do so in regard to the transferred departments, unless he decides not to take such advice. It is also hoped that he will cultivate his "Ministers" even in respect of other matters, unless he decides to the contrary. He can legislate contrary to ministerial advice; he may also legislate in agreement with Ministers in defiance of the legislature. This is the nature of his ministerial responsibility.

The "Federal" legislatures will not be wholly elected. The Ministers may be drawn from the unelected members, those nominated by the Governor-General or the Princes. The Princes nominate 225 out of the 635 members of the two Houses together. Thus the "Federal Government for 350 millions" directly cuts out 70 millions in the Indian States who are just chattels. The British Indian members are elected for the lower House on a franchise so limited that it will cover only between 2 and 3 per cent. of the population. In a joint session of the two Chambers the Princes can record 225 votes which, with the ten of the Governor-General's nominees and at least half of the British quota of the upper Chamber which is bound to be solid for reaction, will give the Governor-General 310 votes. He needs only eight more for a majority. The Europeans, the landholders, the office seekers and title hunters can easily provide that.

In the provinces the Governors have powers analagous to that of the Viceroy. There is no provincial autonomy in the White Paper proposals. Provincial budgets are not entirely votable; they are also subject to the Governor's interference in the same way as the Federal budget. The department of law and order is "transferred," but the Governor has a permanent "special responsibility" for it, which means that the bureaucracy controls it. Over and above these are the Hitlerian powers given to the Governor-General and the Governors to make Ordinances, take over departments of government, and, in the case of the Governor-General, to suspend the constitution and rule by Ordinances. Emergency powers, it will be contended. But what safeguards have the people, or the constitution, from the Governor-General? None beyond his "discretion."

The White Paper provides for the defence of the rights of the subject in three ways. Not one of them is worth a minute's purchase. There is no charter of rights, no protection under the rule of law, and no constitutional remedy in the courts, for the citizen. The White Paper remedies are: (*a*) Instruments of instructions given to the Governor-General and the Governors; (*b*) A Royal Proclamation; (*c*) A basic assumption.

The instruments ask the Governors and Governor-General to take the advice of Ministers in regard to the transferred departments—except when they decide not to take such advice. They are at the same time enjoined to disregard ministerial advice if in their "discretion" they think it necessary. Further, these

instruments may be revised by Parliament by an address to His Majesty, which means that a reactionary Government at Westminster cuts across all ministerial responsibility in India.

A Royal Proclamation as a guarantee of Indian rights is a tragic satire. The history of Indian politics is the narrative of how the Queen's proclamation has been honoured in the breach. No modern proclamation could improve on the sentiments of 1857.

The White Paper further says that the proposals proceed on the basic assumption that it is being worked by "partners in a common enterprise." A futile and cynical assumption when every page of the White Paper so eloquently proclaims inequality, imperialist domination and suspicion of Indians.

All that can be said about the content of the proposals is irrelevant in view of the Government's sinister device about the introduction of the central part of the scheme. The present Government committed itself to a "one Bill" procedure, thus abandoning the instalment plan. It has now brought back the instalment plan by the back door. The establishment of the Federation is not to be provided for in the constitution, but is subject to an address by both Houses of Parliament to the King. What does this provision mean but a further reference to Parliament for the second instalment?

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION suggests that the future of India depends on how Indians work the present proposals. The present scheme, unlike the previous ones, is not an experiment. No, it is not, it is the shackles for ever. The argument that it has the dynamic quality to lead to responsible government is erroneous. Indians cannot use these legislatures for anything but propaganda. The Government of India is not likely to allow the democratic nationalist elements in India to capture the new machinery. Lord Willingdon's most recent utterances are a clear indication that the Congress will have to abjure its faith, accept the new constitution and agree to work it, before it is let free to fight elections. The present portents are that the next elections will be command performances with Nationalists in jail and policemen in charge of polling booths, with the Army at hand.

If we assume that the Congress fights and wins the elections in all the provinces and the centre, what can it accomplish? The British heads of the Government can stop discussion of any measure at any stage, refuse permission for any measure, certify anything, demand the passage, to order and time table, of any enactment, and regulate the very procedure of these "democratic" legislatures. It is doubtful whether freedom of speech or immunity from arrest will be available for legislators. Indian experience and the present indications are to the contrary. As for Ministers, in India there are Ministers and ministries to-day who were appointed when they had no backing in the legislatures and who continue to occupy their offices. The Ministers under the White Paper will be those who will take rather than give advice.

Assuming wise provincial administrations were to allow the provinces to become Indian and were to force the pace as suggested in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, we should have the spectacle of Indian provinces, all heavy units of thirty and forty millions, fighting an autocracy at the centre which has the Army and dictatorial powers. What would that lead to? Development or conflict and disorder? Would the Federation survive in these circumstances? The alternative is servile provincial units, and this is what is contemplated.

The "future of India" lies along the road to which the White Paper concedes little recognition. That even British Radicalism refuses to come out into the open and expose the imperialist character of the present scheme and its entire futility—not inadequacy—is a tragedy. Its direct consequence is to speed up violence and to crystalise Nationalist isolation in India. INDIAN

[This letter from a responsible Indian correspondent shows how sinister the White Paper appears if it is assumed that the British Government intends to make the most of the "safeguards" and not to pass over real responsibility to the Indians. Unfortunately recent Government speeches give only too much ground for this suspicion.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE UNITED FRONT

SIR,—I welcomed your paragraph of last week criticising the Manifesto of the National Joint Labour Council rejecting the invitation extended by the I.L.P. and the Communist Party for united working-class action. The Manifesto indicates the danger that official Labour Leadership in this country will make the same mistake as the Social Democratic leaders made in Germany, that is, they will concentrate upon the desirability of parliamentary democracy under conditions which make entire reliance upon it impossible.

My object in writing, however, is to comment upon your statement that the Independent Labour Party and the Communist Party "have engaged in a continuous campaign of vilification of (Labour) Party and Congress Leaders, and show no sign of any readiness to change their attitude." I only wish to say that the I.L.P. and the Communist Party have indicated their readiness to reach agreement on a programme limited to points upon which the Labour Party and the T.U.C. can co-operate, and we have undertaken that, in the course of co-operation, we will refrain from attacks upon other sections of the working-class.

We recognise that differences of policy exist between the I.L.P. and the Labour Party on the one hand, and the I.L.P. and the Communist Party on the other, but at the moment of crisis for the working-class movement in Europe and in Britain, we believe that all sections should cease to think of their sectarian interests and think only of the whole working-class. We know that this view is strongly supported among the rank and file of the Labour Party and the Trade Union Movement, and we hope that as events develop we may still be able to achieve united action on the basis which I have indicated.

A. FENNER BROCKWAY,
Chairman,
Independent Labour Party

The New Leader,
102–105 Shoe Lane, E.C.4.

HOUSING STUDY VISITS

SIR,—We read with great interest the comments of some of the visitors who had had the opportunity, through THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, of seeing our housing estates. We are very glad to see how much our work is appreciated, and particularly to read the comments on the imagination, beauty and brightness the visitors noticed in our work.

May we reply to a few points of criticism?

1. Pram-sheds are being provided. Evidently Miss Kett did not notice those already in existence, but as our schemes are incomplete we have not yet as many as we shall have.
2. Our balconies are arranged as far as possible on the north side of buildings, and as the balcony rails are not higher than the window sills light and air are not blocked.
3. With reference to Mrs. Sinclair's comment—this is a 100 per cent. rehousing scheme. No questions are asked about the religious views of our tenants, and Jews and Freethinkers are rehoused as a matter of course.
4. As a rule bedrooms are not interconnecting, but in some of the corner flats this arrangement has been unavoidable. Wherever possible these particular flats are let to families with small children, so that the inconvenience caused is not as great as it would be with adults.

The St. Pancras House Improvement Society, Ltd.
96 Seymour Street, N.W.1.

IRENE T. BARCLAY,
EVELYN E. PERRY,
Joint Hon. Secs.

SIR,—I have been very much interested by the constructive criticisms of your readers, but should like to point out that some of their criticisms have been made under a misapprehension of the facts:—

1. The block of flats built without electric light was completed at a time when, extraordinary as it may seem, no cable had yet been laid in that district.

2. The "kitchener" is still the cheapest method of providing hot water and cooking facilities for the very poorest families.

3. Coal could, of course, be stored in the adjacent sheds for use in the common wash-house, but in fact the week's washing is done on the week's accumulation of suitable rubbish.

4. Balconies are built for access to the flats and are on the scullery-bathroom side of the buildings thus causing no obstruction to the living rooms and bedrooms, which are on the sunnier side.

5. The "double system of scullery and kitchen" is really a scullery and living room. One fire serves every purpose in winter, while the washing-up, etc., need not be done in the family living room.

6. The object of the rent rebate system in force on the estate is to enable unskilled workers to be taken as tenants at a rent within their means while their children are still dependent. It is not an attempt to deal with the temporary problems of unemployment.

Finally, Public Utility Societies, so far as I know, have never claimed to do more than touch the fringe of the housing problem. The value of their work lies in the practical demonstration that

workers can be housed centrally at a low rent. But each society is making its own experiments and its own mistakes, and there is no doubt whatever that the problem demands an equivalently large organisation to deal with it adequately.

Kensington Housing Trust, Ltd. E. DENBY,
138 Portobello Road, W.11. Secretary

1914 - 1933

SIR,—By an error the novel expression "man resistance" took the place of the expression "mass resistance" in my letter of last week. The error was unfortunate if only because it is to be hoped that mass resistance to war will include "woman resistance" as well as "man resistance." The pacifist usually takes the view that the emancipation and enfranchisement of women have added to the strength of the pacifist forces, but he may be wrong if a correct indication of a general attitude is given in a newspaper account of the debate which followed the showing of the film *Men Must Fight* (see the *Evening Standard*, March 30th): "The men cheered the pro-peace speakers. The women supported Commander Locker-Lampson. One elderly lady, sitting next to me, could hardly be restrained from tearing Lord Ponsonby to pieces." F. M. HARDIE

82 Ladbroke Road, W.11

CAVE DRAWINGS

SIR,—May one thank Mr. Richard Hughes for his new theory of how palaeolithic cavemen came to draw as they did? Of course he is dead right. The old "magic" explanation can never have satisfied anybody capable of feeling the amazing power and intensity of the drawings. It was just the sort of theory that gets evolved out of books in a study; whereas Mr. Hughes, starting with contemporary primitive human beings exactly where he could catch them unawares, at once got on to the right track.

72 Gower Street, W.C.1. J. F. HORRABIN

SIR,—There is surely one drawback to Mr. Richard Hughes' otherwise admirable and very ingenious theory of the prehistoric cave drawings. He says that the cavemen drew these pictures as an expression of their hunting lust as modern youths are wont to draw pictures on lavatory walls to express their sex lust. As far as that goes it is a very reasonable theory; but surely if the cavemen were in the habit of expressing their hunting lust in this manner they would also thus express their sex lust. We can hardly expect them to have been free from this passion, which all psychologists now agree to be at least one of the basic urges of life, even if they do not hold, with Freud, that it is the essential motive force. And yet, amongst all the descriptions and illustrations of the caveman's pictorial art, I have never yet come across the drawing of a woman. "MARTINI"

Trinity College, Cambridge.

SIR,—I have read with interest the article in which Mr. Richard Hughes contributes a new theory to solve the much-debated problem of the origin of drawing; but I submit that he is mistaken in believing that his explanation supplants the magical theory, since the latter deals with a different aspect of the subject from the one he is approaching.

The magical theory explains the first *social* purpose for which painting was probably used, and has nothing to do with the question of the origin of the artistic impulse in the individual.

The social purpose changes, of course, with the development of society itself; roughly speaking, the order of change has been from the magical to the religious, to the royal, to the civic, and, lastly, to the expression of individuality in which the social purpose is almost lost, leaving us with the nearest approach to a "pure" manifestation of artistic impulse.

Social purpose in relation to art may be either a deliberate and conscious use of art for propaganda of some sort (as in Russia to-day), or it may be merely an interpretation of the results of artistic impulse. It is characteristic of the primitive mind to be unable to suspend interpretation. The child who asks a question may be goaded to tears by the reply "we do not know." In the absence of an explanation he invents a "rationalisation" for himself. So also with primitive peoples; the thunder roars, the gods are wrath. The hypnotised subject who in a post-hypnotic state carries out the commands of the hypnotist finds, immediately, a reason for his automatic actions which can reconcile them to his own standards of behaviour. So also primitive man drawing—*from whatever motive*—gains immediately a social sanction by interpreting his productions as sympathetic magic.

Logically, the impulse to act must precede the interpretation of the action, but actually it is doubtful whether man is capable of acting without at the same time interpreting his actions; if he can ever do so the phenomena must surely be sought in the most cultured, self-conscious and analytically minded specimen of the race, rather than in the child-mind of the primitive savage.

Armstrong College, DIANA M. LATT
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

RHODES

SIR,—I have read with great interest Mr. Raymond Mortimer's excellent review of the three lives of Cecil Rhodes, which have just appeared. (Why three?—but Mr. William Plomer's is specially welcome as a much-needed counterblast to the indiscriminate and inexplicable eulogies which meet one on every side.) Yet I have one complaint to make. He writes of "African natives, beautiful, cruel and helpless against the white man." The first and third of these epithets are certainly justified; but who told him that Africans are cruel? I do not discuss the character of Lobengula, though strongly suspecting that he was not as black as painted in the interests of the Chartered Company; but if he was all that is claimed he is not to be taken as typical. I remember a conversation on board the steamer between China and Durban in 1894. One of the passengers mentioned a rising of sorts which had taken place some years before (I am hazy about date and place, but it was somewhere on the Inner Zambezi) in which some Portuguese had been taken prisoners by the natives and—so the speaker said—tortured. A German who was present said, "I do not believe that"—or words to that effect—"*that is not African.*" Of the last four words I am certain, even at this distance of time; they express my conviction and that of every candid person who really knows the African. As for the things done by Portuguese (and others), they are better passed in silence.

Mr. Mortimer seems to have a higher opinion of Rhodes's ability than, if I have been rightly informed, the facts warrant. I was assured on good authority that the brain actually behind his undertakings was Alfred Beit's, and that South Africans, in the early 'nineties, so far from accepting him as a second and greater Napoleon, considered him something of an opportunist. I never had the opportunity of judging whether he was personally likeable or not, but he certainly "put it over" on W. T. Stead, in whose view (even admitting that "his ethical development has been arrested") he was "one of the greatest men produced by our race in this century." Sir Harry Johnston (with whom he quarrelled for refusing to carry out an anticipatory Jameson raid on Portuguese territory) said of him that "the only human thing about him was his love of flowers." It will always be a matter of vain regret that I missed the opportunity of pressing him to *approfondir* this remark.

I have never seen reason to change the view I expressed in the defunct *Speaker* (August 15th, 1896) that "what Mr. Rhodes has accomplished is to undo the work of Livingstone," and, I may add, to debase the political currency to a level from which it has not yet recovered. How is it that Olive Schreiner could not feel the essential vulgarity of the man who, she thought, with all his faults, was "too big" to be admitted into hell?

74 Parkway, A. WERNER
Welwyn Garden City.

VENETIAN BLINDS

SIR,—I trust you will permit me to make a comment on an observation made by Mr. V. S. Pritchett in your issue for April 1st. In reviewing Miss Ethel Mannin's new novel, *Venetian Blinds*, he says, "It may be described as a *Magnolia Street* without the Jews, being the account of the ups and downs of a working-class family in their migration to the lower middle-class gentility."

I have not yet read Miss Mannin's new novel. Doubtless it has her usual intelligence and vitality. It is not for me to say whether the comparison does her or me any sort of injustice.

But Mr. Pritchett's sentence makes it so abundantly clear that he has either not read *Magnolia Street*, or completely forgotten it, that I must utter a nipped word of protest.

1. It is about as felicitous to talk of *Magnolia Street* without the Jews as to talk of the Trojan War without the Trojans.

2. The essence of my novel is not that it is an account of the "ups and downs of a working-class family," but the interrelation over twenty years of a whole street-full of families.

3. "Migration to the lower middle-class gentility." Certain of the Magnolian families become genteel. Others very much do not.

I would say I am sensible, of course, of the compliment he does me by making the book a unit of reference. And seeing that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is at present prohibited in Germany, the comparison will be less calamitous to Miss Mannin than it might have been.

LOUIS GOLDING

Paris.

OXFORD SOCIALISTS

SIR,—Some time ago the Socialist dons at Oxford formed an informal club, and they have now decided to broaden this out into an organised Labour Party for the University constituency, and to include not only the resident graduates but also all old Oxford men and women who are Socialists. The objects of this new Party will be two-fold: first to build up a body of support for Labour candidates for the University seats, and secondly to put Oxford men and women, as they go down, into touch with the local Labour movement, and to help and encourage them to give active service in it. The new Party will be holding a reunion in Oxford on the afternoon and evening of Saturday, May 27th, and it is hoped that as many Oxford men and women as possible will make a point of coming up and renewing their association with University Socialism. A number of prominent Oxford Socialists, including R. H. Tawney, H. J. Laski, C. R. L. Attlee, and G. D. H. Cole have been asked to take part in the reunion. A register of names and addresses has to be got together, and all Oxford graduates who belong or wish to belong to the Labour Party are urgently asked to send their names to me as Secretary of the new Party.

Christ Church. P. C. GORDON WALKER

Oxford.

A FILM VENTURE

SIR,—Those of your readers who are Socialists, and even those who are not but are discontented with the present condition of the film industry, may be interested in an attempt which is being made to produce films from an avowedly Socialist standpoint.

We are trying to do no less than three things. One is to produce a straight film in story form dealing with present industrial conditions, especially as aggravated by the Means Test. One, as yet shadowy, will be an anti-war film. The third, to which I wish specially to call your attention, is an alternative to the orthodox newsreel. There is much that could be included in a film called "What the Newsreel doesn't show," but to make such a film we must have our own corps of cameramen about the country.

Could I ask any of your readers who possess 16 mm. film cameras, or projectors, to get in touch with the Secretary of the Socialist League Film Committee, Mrs. Postgate, 4, Elm Close, London, N.W.4? Naturally, all this will cost money, and anybody who can send us any subscriptions will earn our gratitude.

R. W. POSTGATE

THE BENTHAM COMMITTEE

SIR,—We should be grateful for space in your columns to bring, if we may, to the notice of readers of Mr. Pritt's article last week the existence of a Committee to assist poor litigants in the Inferior Courts.

The Bentham Committee acts for poor persons in civil cases in the London County Courts and London Police Courts. The Poor Persons Committee at the Law Courts has to confine itself to cases instituted in the High Court, but the majority of the cases of poor persons are heard in the County and Police Courts, where claims up to £100 are entertained. In these Courts there is as yet no official body to help the poor, nor even the power of remitting the plaint and hearing fees, which are out of all proportion to the amount in dispute, and are often the initial and insuperable barrier to poor persons taking their grievances for hearing. The Court fees in a claim for £5 amount to 15s.

This Committee, to which the majority of Poor Man's Lawyer Centres in London are affiliated, provides for the conduct free of charge of such cases, and the barristers and solicitors who conduct them give their services without fee to the Committee. With their help and that of a small Cases Fund to draw on for Court fees, where the applicant cannot find them, it is endeavouring to fill this serious gap in the practical provision of justice for poor persons in this country. The Committee in the past year has provided advice and conduct for over 590 cases, and could do far more if it had the means. It is no exaggeration to say that the less reputable landlords, insurance and hire-purchase companies would often have had their way with their victims but for this Committee. Recently the Committee obtained a re-trial for a client summoned for possession of the family's two rooms, against whom judgment had been given with costs, and won the new case. Clearly but for this machinery serious injustice had been done.

The Committee needs money for this work, and earnestly asks *everyone* who reads the article "The Poor Man in the Courts" to send something, however small, to assist the very poor to present their cases before the Courts in such manner as may give them an even chance with their opponents. We also extend a cordial invitation to anyone interested to come into Court for one of the cases we are defending so that they may see vividly the great and concrete difference that is made by the Committee on behalf of poor litigants. Will those interested please write or ring up the office, 1 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.2 (Holborn 2803), so that arrangements may be made; at which address also the Treasurer would be glad to receive subscriptions and donations.

1 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.2. B. F. MENDEL

Treasurer

Miscellany

STANZAS FROM "THE SWORDS"

—Like moonbeams on a wintry sea
the first is sorrowful and pale,
and from my vision guards a grail
whose glory I shall never see.
A boreal streamer burning green,
it shivers in a land of shade
as if some wandering Cain had seen
his soul reflected in its blade.
It glitters in some frosty hole
that leaves its icy hilt unthawn,
its radius is a flame of cold
the skyline of an Arctic dawn.
Vulcan, in forging it, grew old
and sorrow froze when it was drawn.—

—Calm spirits of the waveless sea
have steeped the second in their light—
a low blue flame, the halcyon's flight
passing at evening swift and free
along the miles of tunny-floats
when the slow swell in slumber rolls
and sways the lanterns on their poles
and idly rocks the drifting boats;
When evening strews the rosy fleece
and the low conches sound from far,
a lonely bird whose sword of air
is hilted with the evening star
has slain upon the shrine of peace
the daily, slaving forms I wear.—

—The third's of lunar crystal hewn,
a woman's body, through whose snows
the volted ecstasy outglows
a dolphin dying in the noon,
and fights for love (as that for life)
and leaps, and turns upon its side,
and swirls the anger of its strife
a radiant iris far and wide,
bronze, azure, and auroral rose
faint-flushing through its nacreous snows.
Electric in a god's strong hand
this sword was tempered in my blood
when all its tides were at the flood
and heroes fought upon the strand.

ROY CAMPBELL

ILLUSTRATIONS WHICH ILLUSTRATE

NOT so long ago maps and diagrams were regarded by most folk as things with which art—unless it was the art of the engineering draughtsman—had nothing to do. (This, of course, was part of the Victorian-industrialist reaction from the earlier days when artists, real artists, insisted on making maps and diagrams, along with everything else, artistically interesting.) In recent years men like Macdonald Gill have again shown us what fun an artist can get—and give—out of a map. Now, Dr. Otto Neurath, of the Vienna Mundaneum Museum, is proving that statistical diagrams can be equally fascinating. The small exhibition of typical specimens of his work at Messrs. Bumpus's should be visited not only by teachers and social workers, but by artists. For it is hardly too much to say that Dr. Neurath is evolving a new international language, of pictorial symbols ; and every symbol is a little gem of design, and appropriateness.

"RACE-GROUPS OF THE WORLD"
Each figure represents 100 million people

Consider, for example, the simplicity of the human figures used in the diagram of race-groups here reproduced : how perfectly the turban of the brown races, the lips of the negro, and the wide straw hat of the Chinaman mark the differentiations in the most obvious visual way. Phil May or Low—or palaeolithic man—could hardly simplify more satisfyingly, and yet give us essentials. There is a diagram in the exhibition entitled " Blast Furnaces and the Crisis," illustrating the effect of the world depression on the iron and steel industry in six industrial countries. The symbol used is a tiny blast-furnace, conventionalised as a knight in chess is conventionalised, and yet instantly recognisable. Those furnaces which are working in each country are shown in red, with a bright flame ; the " dead " ones in empty black outline. That diagram is alive. It gives you not simply exact statistics. You do really get from it something of the atmosphere of tragedy which lies back of the bare figures. Or again, look at the diagram-map of the world headed " Malthus was Wrong," and showing the potential food production of various areas by means of human figures representing the populations which, if potentialities were actually exploited, could be supported. No statistical table could bring home to one as this pictorial diagram does the sheer vital interest of this particular problem.

Nor—and this is most important—could a statistical table give you its information more precisely. Every one who has ever planned or drawn a diagram has realised this difficulty of *precision*, if symbols are used at all. Are you to use a human figure—or a circle, or a square—twice the *height* of another figure to express double numerical size ? A square twice the height of another square is pretty obviously four times as large. But a square (or any other figure) drawn twice the *area* of another, though it is obviously larger, does not convey to the spectator any exact ratio of size. Dr. Neurath accordingly plans his diagrams on a basis of units—of a million population, a hundred blast furnaces, a million bushels of wheat ; and so is able to convey not merely a contrast in sizes, but an exact ratio. His diagrams, in short, are as satisfying scientifically as they are artistically. If he does not revolutionise a great deal of educational technique then so much the worse for education.

J. F. HORRABIN

M. COCTEAU'S FILM

Film Society. Le Sang d'un poète

Le Sang d'un poète is emphatically a film the Film Society was right to produce, because, among other reasons, it is one of the very few films which have ever been directed without an eye on the public. It was composed, as all works of art have been composed, to interest the poet and the poet alone. It is complete and absolute anti-Hollywood. Certainly it is not an easy film to understand. I know there was much that I did not and could not absorb ; for *Le Sang d'un poète*, being essentially a work of art, has to be studied before it can be fully revealed. Nor was the difficulty lessened by the pretentious and misleading note on the programme, stating that *Le Sang d'un poète* was a study in *surréalisme* and quoting the manifestos of M. André Bréton.

Le Sang d'un poète is not *surréaliste*, but rather a poem of symbols composed in terms of the talking pictures ; and, like much of the best contemporary poetry, depends on intimate associations of mood, difficult to follow by the reader, still more by the audience, even more when the director is a foreigner. The words cannot tell the story, for there is no story, but rather variations on themes which have always been the raw material of poetry, the crucifixion of the artist, whose head, on his suicide, is automatically crowned with bays, the mercifulness of death. When the young artist is given the pistol with which to shoot himself the word from outside remarks, " Mexique, Fossé de Vincennes, Boulevard Arago," Mexique means Maximilien and his execution in Manet's picture (vaguely adumbrated on the screen), the Fossé de Vincennes means the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, the Boulevard Arago the site of the guillotine. Here the poet's associations can be fairly easily followed. But it is not always so.

M. Cocteau has an essentially logical mind and has in the various *genres* in which he has experimented always tried to push the form he is employing to its logical conclusion. *Parade*, *La voix humaine*, *Les Enfants terribles*, and now *Le Sang d'un poète* have all been demonstrations of method, attempted solutions of a problem. I think there is nothing in *Le Sang d'un poète* which could possibly be expressed in a different medium. Consider the disappearance of the poet through a mirror or the sequence in which he forces his way back down an hotel corridor against an array of unseen forces, sequences which are themselves of the greatest beauty. Take even such a small experiment as that of a mouth speaking out of a hand, an incident in the first episode ; here the insistence on the technique of the cinema is almost brutal. There is a Jansenistic nakedness of line, which is a protest against all adventitious aids. But this bareness has its reward in the concentration on the drama, which the author desires to illustrate. From the moment the artist disappears through the mirror, the picture takes on a dreamlike quality. The schoolboys in the snowballing episode have in them an indefinable savagery, and realise by pictorial means the effects the author caught in *Les Enfants terribles*. This snowballing is one of the most remarkable effects in the picture, a revelation of the emotion a poet can reveal by means of the moving picture.

Le Sang d'un poète is an attempt to cut away all irrelevance and what used to be called *Littérature*; to get away also from the team work which is the essence of the ordinary film, and make the picture the expression of an individual mind, an individual fantasy. When speaking of *Le Chien Andalou*, which really is a surrealist film, M. Cocteau has written:

"Le voilà, le style de l'âme. Hollywood devenait un garage de luxe, et ses films les marques d'auto de plus en plus belles. Avec '*Chien Andalou*,' on se retrouve à bicyclette."

M. Cocteau has also got on to his bicycle, a machine which the rider can manage without assistance. It is difficult, with a picture so savagely visual, to do more than indicate the nature of its appeal and method; nor much easier to describe its originality in sound, its complete absence of realism, the changes of visual texture effected by living beings turning into statues and statues into living beings, the use of a negro up against the snow, the deep spiritual torments suggested. I can only hope to indicate that the *Sang d'un poète* is, as the title suggests, the dream of a poet realised visually and one of the very few pictures which have ever pretended to be works of art.

FRANCIS BIRRELL

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Scott of Abbotsford"

No particular service to the memory of Sir Walter Scott has been done by the series of biographical flashes presented as a play at the Little Theatre. Pious they are, and filled with an earnest appreciation of the man's good qualities. But there is no essential of greatness, no thrilling realisation of the fierce energy of a genius at grips with his fate in the portrait. He was "good with" children, and accordingly we have a long whimsy-saturated scene with Majorie Fleming to illustrate it. He was unlucky in an early love affair, and having watched Williamena Belches droop appropriately over a harp, we are invited to notice how the sentimental memory of her remains fragrant in Sir Walter's memory when he has two grown-up daughters by someone else. He declined to go bankrupt and crippled his hand in trying to pay off his debts with his pen, and again all is painstakingly set before us. But the author of *Waverley* remains unknown, and at the end of the play we are as far from realising what W. E. Gunn, the author (or is it authoress?), thinks about him as we were at the beginning. It is, in fact, a chronicle-play without a theme, and wearisome in consequence. Mr. William Heughan has a fine voice and does his best within the nondescript frame of the name part. The rest of the characters are conventionalised and uninteresting.

Sheridan at the Old Vic

The School for Scandal at the Old Vic is an admirable and at moments brilliantly successful performance. Miss Peggy Ashcroft as Lady Teazle had a part which was cut out for her and sparkled with more wit and malice than Sheridan had been able to write into the play. Roger Livesey sustained the difficult part of Joseph Surface with finished ease, Morland Graham was an old duck as Sir Oliver, whilst his nephew Charles was everything that a hero should be. Malcolm Keen was an excellent Sir Peter Teazle. Such a good performance made it possible to judge the play—and how queer a half-way house it is! For Sheridan stands mid-way between Wycherley and the Lyceum melodrama and alternates between flashy imitations of *The Plain Dealer* and the heaviest platitudes of virtue or the most ingenuous soliloquies of vice. He is commonplace whenever he is not imitating the greatest master of Restoration Comedy—who by the test of *acting* is Wycherley and not Congreve. Will it one day be possible to see Miss Ashcroft in *The Country Wife*?

Sweet Nothings

An elderly painter, long separated from his family, has spent many years barricading himself in the fortress of his uneventful personal life. His wife, his daughter, a one-time mistress and a would-be son-in-law besiege it fruitlessly for a couple of days and then all is quiet again. That is the story, and the whole story, of Mr. Halcott Glover's *Bellairs*, produced at the Arts Theatre last week. Vaguely symbolical in subject, in treatment, it is as naturalistic as the delightful scene in a studio garden, with every leaf on the tree and every tile on the roof. But the author has chosen his time and place carefully and a good many of the "humours of character" emerge. The second act, in fact, has some rich comedy, which is well placed in a play that grows out of nothing, subsides into nothing, and is all about very little. It is hardly a great play but it is unusual, and has dignity and vitality: a little awkward in handling and a little too real to be true, but definitely worth writing, worth producing, and going to see.

Strange Fraternity

Metaphysics and melodrama do not mix well. In *This One Man*, at the Embassy, Mr. Sidney Buckman, struggling with a half-formed theory of the universe, gets badly out of his depth and fails to develop the strong crook drama for which his characters seem designed. His theme, so far as he has one, seems to be the dual nature of personality—one all animal, the other all spirit. It is not till the spiritual Marvin dies, and dying bequeaths his characteristics to Saul, that Saul finds his soul and becomes human. In a frenzy of self-abnegation and desire to create a complete person, Marvin has assumed the burden of his brother's crime and gone to the electric chair. With commendable promptitude his gentle spirit takes up its residence in Saul's gigantic frame. Unwilling to face the difficulties of portraying the conflict of opposing forces within one man, the author had recourse to fantasy to prove his point. The result was bound to be ludicrous. Marvin is more anaemically aesthetic than an Oxford aesthete, and Saul more ferociously anthropoid than an ape. However, the second act contains the elements of a good thriller, and Mr. Frank Royde as a swell crook is a delight to observe. Mr. Alan Webb as Marvin makes an earnest attempt to be ethereal and is not much more repulsive than his part requires. Mr. Ben Welden is a super Tarzan. His final access of tenderness exhibited in the best Hollywood tradition is horrible in the strict sense of the word.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, April 7th—
- London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

SUNDAY, April 9th—
- C. Delisle Burns on "The Moral Issue in Public Policy," Conway Hall, 11.
- Debate on the Oxford Motion between the President of the Oxford Union and the Prime Minister of Hampstead Parliament, Willoughby Hall, 1 Willoughby Road, Hampstead, 7.30.

MONDAY, April 10th—
- Bonamy Dobrée on "New Books," B.B.C., 6.50.

TUESDAY, April 11th—
- Michael Barkway on "Pacifism at Cambridge University," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- Flower Show, British Carnation Society, Old Horticultural Hall.
- Katherine Goodson and London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.

SHELL
The world's most reliable petrol

The R.A.F. non-stop flight of 5,340 miles was made on Special Shell Aviation Petrol, and Mr. J. A. Mollison's flights across the North and South Atlantic Ocean were made on Shell Aviation Petrol.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

MR. RICHARD HUGHES suggested in our columns last week that the origin of art was lust, a hunting lust which led men to scrawl up the pictures of bisons and of elks, and I should like to suggest that a Thersites-like hatred may be equally consecrated by antiquity. Mr. Hughes suggested that if his friend's tom-cat were to grasp a piece of burned cork in his claws he would draw fat mice and fear-frozen thrushes before he thought of posturing grimalkins as the subjects of his art. Granted. But when would he draw Fox-terriers, Pekingese and the fierce old hen who nearly pecked out his eyes when he was stalking one of her chicks? Without wishing to have my slender lance broken by Mr. Heard or Mr. Hughes, I should like to hint that some of the bisons and lynxes which I was able to make out by the combination of the electric light and Madame's prompting (*Voici les pattes, le museau, la queue*) on the walls at Les Eyzies were monstrously big, and had I been an Aurignacian man, fear, and the hatred borne of fear, would have formed a largish part of my hunting lust. If Mr. Hughes is right why are there no pictures of small game? Surely because fear comes into art. The cowards have to work themselves up by art into the heroic frame of mind. In the same way the adolescent seeks to give himself confidence when confronted by sexual lust which he feels is something too big for him.

* * *

"Ontogeny repeats Phyllogeny," and lest the great beauty of this biologist's tag should be hidden I will translate it as *the development of the individual repeats that of the race*. Why is it that at school we often drew pictures of the masters on the black-board but we never drew each other? These ideographs were assuredly not the result of lust as that word is commonly understood, but of fear, contempt, rage and the longing for revenge. One ghastly pedagogue, who administered the rites of an unholy mass in trigonometry, was so wall-eyed that he never recognised his own image as a human shape, but after a feeble swish of the duster wrote *cos* and *sin* all over it. His blindness did not in the least discourage our primitive efforts at artistic self-expression.

* * *

In ancient Ireland, Thersites apparently got completely the upper hand and the poets ran a racket at the expense of the petty chiefs and kings. If one was not given trout and salmon and porther and Guinness and soda-cake and whiskey, and kept in the very best of tempers, one wrote something too terrible all over the visitors' book, and then all the king's daughters had to go into nunneries because nobody would marry them and the king burst his spleen with rage. Those were the days. . . . The Irish poets have been regretting them ever since. But now, how few of us there are who dip our pens in ox-gall! Apathy, or its artistic equivalent of seeing both sides, is the mark of our civilisation, and only those who have *something the matter with them* (usually T.B.) revert to the primitive art-form of revenging themselves on the world. D. H. Lawrence did this in *Pansies* and elsewhere, and one of the most beautiful examples I know, after Isaiah, is *After London or Wild England* by Richard Jefferies (Duckworth). Jefferies, who was a countryman from near Swindon, hated London, which had drawn him into its hard streets and robbed him of his health while it frustrated him of his ambitions. He felt some of the hatred which primitive man may have felt for the sabre-tooth tiger, so he sat down and wrote a lovely day-dream of the future which begins:

> The old men say their fathers told them that soon after the fields were left to themselves a change began to be visible. It became green everywhere in the first spring after London ended, so that all the country looked alike.

He goes on with a picture of how England fell back into swamp and forest after it had been deserted by all the townspeople, how the dogs and cats and horses and cattle ran wild, reverting to primitive forms, and how, after the great exodus, the land was left to a few tramps and gypsies and some country people, ignorant of the arts and sciences, who relapsed into a feudal existence. Meanwhile, the mouths of the Thames and the Severn were choked by falling bridges and silted up, and a great freshwater lake extended through the centre of England. In the second part of the book we are introduced to the hero and inducted into a feeble love-story, and an amateurish and inept sentimental flavour is imparted to a beautiful book. Later, to justify himself, Felix sails off in his dug-out outrigger canoe to explore the miasma haunted ruins of the metropolis, where no living creature stirs and the houses fall at a touch, like frail pillars of salt. It is Jefferies' intense hatred of London and his longing for the beauty of the country which makes *After London* such a good book.

* * *

When I had read a few pages of *Tom's a-cold*, by John Collier (Macmillan, 7*s*. 6*d*.), I thought that the author of that highly original book *His Monkey Wife* had given us another *After London*. For Mr. Collier has taken the alarmists, who predict the collapse of civilisation, at their word and has drawn England in the nineteen nineties when, after wars, plagues, and famines have done their worst, what is left is almost exactly like what Jefferies described in the Relapse into Barbarism, the first part of *After London*. The towns are in ruins, the rivers have been choked up in swamps, the forests have extended to twenty times their size; the cats have reverted to the grey brindled wild cat; dogs, horses and cattle are all wild. There is a talk of wolves, which shows that Whipsnade has been working well, and man himself has become a savage beast. But where Jefferies presented us with a sentimentalised feudalism, Mr. Collier shows us verminous and lonely groups of outlaws, who subsist on rabbits, and when undisturbed are able to grow a few potatoes. The more sordid and hopeless the surroundings, the more necessary it seems to give the reader a really heroic hero. Here we are given a magnificent young aspirant to the chiefdom who is coached by the oldest member of the clan—who, it is odd to reflect, must be living amongst us somewhere and just beginning to study Greek.

* * *

Mr. Collier says in an Introduction:

> To describe emotions and events totally incompatible with present-day life here it was absolutely necessary to choose some other scene: the question was—When or where?

He looked about—to Neolithic times and to savage islands, but these had their drawbacks, so he chose the setting of this tale. Thus the book is not written out of a deep emotion of hatred as Jefferies wrote, nor out of a deep conviction such as H. G. Wells would have brought to it. This is fatal. The clan has a tradition of the finer things of life, represented by the memories and the knowledge of the classics, of the old man. Unfortunately when it comes to a test, the finer things of life come to mean no more than the ability to murder a sick man under the pretence of healing him, and primitive contraptions for staging a terrific massacre of the Swindon folk which would have looked well in a book by Rider Haggard, but which is out of place here. The entire absence of nobility nullifies the sympathy we are expected to feel for the father. The descendants of a curate and a girl-guide would have been worth all this ignoble clan and we might have wept on seeing them kneeling on the rabbit-bitten turf. It was a mistake to leave out religion and morality; they were necessary, and the conditions would have produced them. It was also a mistake to let the second generation revert to the Intelligentsia and begin to discuss each other's motives as though they were hikers who had been reading Shaw. *Tom's a-cold* is therefore a disappointing book from the author of that beautiful and brilliantly comic story, *In a Green Shade* (Joiner and Steele). The description of the Swindon girl, Rose, and the attack on the tower, is very good indeed. But if Mr. Collier was a cat this is not what he would have drawn. DAVID GARNETT

TWO TRANSLATIONS

The Odes of Pindar, Rendered in English Verses. By ALEXANDER FALCONER MURISON. *Longmans, Green.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Odyssey of Homer, Newly Translated into English Prose. By T. E. SHAW. *Oxford University Press.* 23*s.* 6*d.*

Translation is, of course, in the last resort impossible. One language differs from another in glory, and its particular excellences refuse to be transmuted. And of all the Greek poets Pindar is the most individual and the most untranslatable. Each new version of him manages to convey some of his qualities, but in so doing sacrifices the rest. Pindar is at once formal and swift, majestic and vivid. The form he used is entirely alien to English, and there is no modern parallel to assist the translator. Mr. Murison has found some help in the odes of Dryden and Gray, and his verse has swiftness, even vitality. He allows his lines to find their own course and he avoids those feelings of constipation and contortion which come from a pedantic adhesion to Pindar's formality. But he has lost the shapeliness, the architectural beauty of the odes. In Mr. Murison's version the lines flow freely to their close, untrammelled by the restrictions of strophe and antistrophe, but when the close is reached, half its glory has gone. The triumphant and inevitable conclusion is turned into a mere stop. It needs formality to keep it exalted.

The peculiar beauty of Pindar lies in the " god-given brightness " of his words. Any detached phrase of his has its unmistakable richness and strength. Hampered by the exigencies of rhyme and perhaps by some poverty of vocabulary, Mr. Murison seldom gives the impression that Pindar has a style. He is too often content to use the ready-made word, the word the schoolboy has learned from the dictionary and uses without thought of its adequacy. Too many of his sentences are at the same dead level as " by valiant deeds in dreadful wars " or " a goddess was it that devised the boon " or " aye flourishing, by grace of heaven." If such words ever had imaginative or associative value, they have lost it now, and the modern translator must avoid them. Rhyme, too, admirable though it may be as a substitute for rhythm, brings its own perils, and too often Mr. Murison falls into them. The order of his words gets distorted; adjectives follow their nouns; the verb waits disconsolately at the end of its sentence. Pindar's great clinching maxims, his pondered contributions to the art of life, sink below the copybook level when they appear as

> A warning that man should not aspire
> Loves not within his power e'er to desire (p. 99).

The twenty-eighth English rendering of the *Odyssey* assails an easier task with far greater success. Aircraftman Shaw was right to choose prose as his medium, because it is the natural medium for English narrative and the *Odyssey* is first and foremost a story. All verse translations of it have failed, because they are too literary and lose its essential freshness, and only in the prose of Malory has English any kind of parallel to this epic art. Indeed this translation is by the far the best translation of Homer into English. In conveys more of his qualities and is infinitely more readable than Pope or Mackail or Butcher and Lang. It is not a crib, and the plodding student may at times be led astray by it, but it stands on its own as literature and can be read for its own sake. It is as exciting, humorous, and technical as the *Odyssey* is. The muscular rhythm of its sentences is no poor substitute for the Homeric hexameter, and its complete lack of trite phrases and exhausted words gives it the youth and gaiety of Greek.

Aircraftman Shaw has lived with the *Odyssey* for years and come to know it with an intimacy denied to most scholars. He understands the world of which it tells and he moves easily among hunters and soldiers, weapons and ships. Therefore he brings a fresh mind to objects known to most men only from books. He takes Homer's stock description of a spear and translates " great, heavy, and close-grained, tipped with cutting bronze." That is absolutely literal and right, but no one has ever thought of it before. So, too, with a ship sailing: " The wind caught the sail, bellying it out, and the blue-shadowed waves resounded under the fore-feet of the running ship as she lay over on her course and raced out to sea." That is less literal, but no less right, and only a man used to ships would have written it. The result is that the *Odyssey* is freed from the dead burden of literature which hampers it in other translations. It can be read as the work of a living man.

Every translator of Homer has to make up his mind on two difficulties, how far is Homer intentionally humorous and how far does he archaize in his style. Aircraftman Shaw has doubts about the first question, but none about the second. He makes no attempt to make Homer funny, and when Zeus calls the murderous Aegisthus " blameless," the difficult word is toned down to " great." But with archaism it is different. When Homer uses a traditional phrase or a stock epithet, we are continually delighted by the skill and appropriateness of the rendering, which keeps the slight air of affectation and loses none of the meaning. What could be better than " the ungarnered sea," or " cloud-marshalling Zeus," or " this horde of irritable suitors," or " the iron skies "? It is true that the hardest archaisms like " the barrier of the teeth " have disappeared, but perhaps after all that was merely Homer's way of saying " teeth " and the translator is right in his simplicity.

For all its incidental beauties, the *Odyssey* is primarily a story, meant to excite and to please, and this translation is admirable narrative. In its mixture of simplicity and affectation it moves at the same speed as the original and has the same appreciation of quite simple actions. Two examples will show its quality. The first concerns the old nurse of Odysseus, bursting with the news of the great man's return:

> But it was with a cackle of laughter that the old dame climbed towards the upper room, to warn her mistress of the beloved husband's return. Her knees moved nimbly and her feet tripped along to the lady's bed-head where she stood and spoke her part.

That is extremely simple, the mere machinery of the story, but every word is vital and engaging. The second example is more picturesque:

> As they talked a dog lying there lifted head and pricked his ears. This was Argos whom Odysseus had bred but never worked, because he left for Ilium too soon. On a time the young fellows used to take him out to course the wild goats, the deer, the hares: but now he lay derelict and masterless on the dung-heap before the gates, on the deep bed of mule-droppings and cow-dung which collected there till the serfs of Odysseus had time to carry it off for manuring his broad acres. So lay Argos the hound, all shivering with dog-ticks.

The passage is familiar and famous, but the most assiduous scholar will find new light in this translation, so like is it to the original, so strong and lively in itself.

The translation is prefaced by four pages about Homer. Irritating perhaps at first by their paradox, they soon impress by their insight and independence and end by seeming almost the last word on the subject. It is odd to see Homer compared with William Morris, odd to be told of his " infuriating male condescension towards inglorious woman," but the paradox hides some truth neglected or shirked by the common run of critics. The man who wrote the *Odyssey* was perhaps a bit of an arm-chair critic and he created no female characters comparable to those in the *Iliad*. So, too, when the main figures are enumerated, " the sly cattish wife, that cold-blooded egotist Odysseus, and the priggish son who yet met his master-prig in Menelaus," we are forced to admit that the judgments are not undeserved, especially if we judge, as the author does, by heroic standards of gallantry and generosity. If the *Odyssey* is to be read without cant and self-deception, keen insight of this kind is invaluable. But as the author implies, there is no need to think that " these were really Homer's heroes and exemplars."

C. M. BOWRA

IRELAND'S SCHOOLMASTER

De Valera. By DENIS GWYNN. *Jarrolds.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Life Story of Eamon De Valera. By SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN. *Talbot Press.* 2*s.*

Neither of these two books can be described as satisfactory lives of De Valera, although Mr. Gwynn's very readable and fully documented study contains material which will be invaluable to the future critical biographer of this remarkable and curiously unsympathetic figure; and Mr. Seán O'Faoláin's undocumented and romantic eulogy evokes the martyr's indispensable legend. Mr. O'Faoláin is frankly biased; and I do not see that Mr. Gwynn can really defend himself from the charge either, though his attempt to let the facts speak for themselves is heroically made.

To one the sinister enigma and possibly the fraud, to the other the god and fighting man comparable (on earth) to Lincoln, the figure of De Valera has, as it were, hypnotised his biographers into the belief that he is bigger in virtue and villainy than they really know him to be. Mr. O'Faoláin's poet's insight gives the game away when he says that De Valera is always trying to be " greater

than the moment." A useful analogy, peculiarly appropriate in view of his partly Spanish origin, may be found in the character of Philip the Second of Spain. The comparison is not as fantastic as it may sound. In Philip we have a man who has gone down to history as either saint or monster, but who, like the Irish schoolteacher, was simple, abstemious, ascetic, a man with little imaginative grasp of realities; who had a genuine interest in the poor; who was the maker of a disastrous isolationist economic policy, a lover of casuistry and procrastination; whose reputation for wisdom grew from an impenetrability behind which was a mind empty of thought if full of visions: a man who isolated himself by calculation, trusting no one but himself, and with a greed for points of order and detail. A little man, in short. Neither biographer tells us much about De Valera's religious views (though it is noted that at the bidding of the Roman Catholic Church he resigned from the I.R.B.), but his vision of an Irish Republic tempts one to imagine a monastic end in contemplation of Kathleen ni Houhlihan immaculately conceived. The striking difference between the Spaniard and the Irish-Basque hybrid is that the latter has been a phenomenally lucky man. In Ireland nothing is admired more than luck.

Born in New York, the son of an Irish mother and a Basque immigrant father, he was sent back to Ireland at the age of three after his father's death to be brought up by his uncle, a small farmer. His school career was notable for its industry and examination successes, and on reaching manhood he had some reputation as a teacher of mathematics. He might have had the Chair of Mathematics at Cork University but for an accident of circumstance. Metaphysics was his other preoccupation, and the Jesuits were his guides. His introduction to politics—if any Irishman can be said not to have imbibed them at the breast—was through the medium of the Gaelic League, one of whose most proficient teachers he married. Modern Irish nationalism was preparing for the birth pangs. He joined the Irish Volunteers and courageously staked his life in the Easter Rising.

From the Rising, in which he was the last commandant to surrender, and where he displayed, by all reports, great physical courage, dates a fortune which he certainly did not seek. And if he had continued in the soldierly vein of 1916 the reasons for his ascendancy would have been obvious. But his subsequent career until the civil war, if not actually unheroic, has a puzzling and painful element of ambiguity in it. "Tall as a spear," Mr. O'Faoláin's eulogy begins, but one looks for a more remote and flexible weapon in the metaphor. Mr. Gwynn echoes the words "moral coward"—there is even a suggestion of physical cowardice. What is indisputable is that De Valera removed himself from the centre of conflict with England to America. One must add Mr. O'Faoláin's explanation that the man who had made his name as a fighter in Easter Week genuinely found politics and a sense of mission more congenial. It is a curious defence.

For it was by an accident of fortune, as Mr. Gwynn shows, that he found himself the national hero. First by the accident of his American citizenship he escaped execution in 1916; then by the accident of being the senior surviving officer among the Irish prisoners in England he was chosen as their leader; and because he was *their* leader when the prisoners were released he was naturally acclaimed in Ireland. He became what the I.R.B. were seeking, the glamorous martyr, the symbolic figure. As such he may have been quite right to go to America, whatever surprise among his colleagues the departure caused. Absence preserved the glamour, though factions grew in Irish-America during his two years' residence; and doubts about his soundness when he returned to those who had been bearing the brunt of the fight were dispelled.

The history of the Treaty negotiations and the split are well known. He sent his opponents in the party to negotiate, and, having personally insisted on giving them a free hand, repudiated them. During the debates on the Treaty he rose on innumerable points of order, boggled at innumerable details, attempted to make the matter a personal issue, produced his now celebrated formulas. He remained aloof, obdurate; and it is a nice point whether, as some assert, it was his personal vanity and Basque intransigence, or his visionary purity, which led him to reject a settlement he had not made himself. Mr. Seán O'Faoláin challenges anyone to show that Mr. De Valera started the civil war, but the challenge evades the issue. Mr. De Valera reiterated and wavered, disinclined at first to force. He had had no great belief in the "war" against England. It was the moment for greatness; Mr. De Valera, however, was a man who attempted to be bigger than moments. The question is, Why did he not stop the war? His speech at Thurles was a specific incitement to bloodshed. He was like Abraham Lincoln in his dilemma, declares Mr. O'Faoláin. But Lincoln declared that the will of the people must be enforced, and the people, in spite of the shifty election pact with Collins, declared overwhelmingly for the Treaty and peace.

After years of eclipse De Valera's amazing luck has returned. What extraordinary fortune when he was returned to power, his legend rehabilitated rather by his opponents' excesses than by any construction of his own; that it should be the Free State's turn for Presidency of the League Council; that he should be able to reap where, once more, others had done the actual sowing. Again English diplomatic clumsiness and then the world's economic chaos have played into his hands. In a world turned upside down his mathematical, isolationist visions of a peasant Gaelic, Catholic State has the attraction of a refuge. It is his Escorial. Whether the ideal is ultimately realisable or not, the peasants are eating good meat, prices of food are low, the lot of the poor is for the moment improved. Mr. Gwynn murmurs suggestions of Communism and makes the interesting suggestion that Communism flourishing in the industrial North might well effect the union that nationalism has made impossible. This is hard to take very seriously. Mr. Gwynn doubts if De Valera can hold the I.R.A.; Mr. O'Faoláin sees him as the skilful, the supple mediator. History hardly confirms Mr. O'Faoláin's view of De Valera as a man maintaining a balance between extremists; psychology seems to indicate a mind weaving arguments for *self*-protection. The question for Ireland at the moment is whether Mr. De Valera will consent to be just equal to the present moment and not greater than it.

V. S. PRITCHETT

AN OLD, OLD IDOL

Metternich, 1773-1859. By ALGERNON CECIL. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 9s.

There can be no doubt that biography is a difficult art. If, in some cases, the unity of the subject imposes a plan upon the work, this is certainly not so where the subject is a statesman whose life was a thread in the tissue of history and whose private words and secret thoughts demand to be judged in open court before the nations of the world. To find here a balance between the general and the personal, between the "life" and the "times," is a task of infinite delicacy, in the performance of which it is useless to trust to instinct or the inspiration of the moment. In this task Mr. Cecil has, unfortunately, failed, and it would seem that he was betrayed by his determination to produce a work of literature. Fine writing, epigrams and brilliant thumbnail sketches of significant scenes may serve to build the image of a man or trace the pattern of a civilisation, but they leave the labyrinth of European diplomacy shrouded in a wordy darkness.

This is unfortunate for two reasons. When he does not overstrain himself Mr. Cecil writes well and vividly. The first chapters and final pages are like puddings made entirely of plums, many of them bad. In other places, although he still occasionally uses language rather as Torquemada uses it when setting crossword puzzles, he adopts in general a simpler and purer style which is often distinguished. The most serious consequence of his more florid method is that it robs his characters of vitality and turns history into an unconvincing pageant. If one says of Trafalgar that, "incalculable as ever, the restless waves play in the background of our drama," and, in describing the literary world of 1815, that, "in the background Victor Hugo lay waiting," the effect is to make Victor Hugo as inanimate as the waves, slain by the recoil of the pathetic fallacy. In the second place, Mr. Cecil seems to have something to say to us, some message of importance to the world. He describes his book, in the dedication, as "the offering of a reviving Tory." This suggests the view that history must be rewritten for each generation, if its lesson is to be understood—a view for which there is a great deal to be said. He does not claim to offer us new facts. He does not succeed in giving us a new interpretation of the facts. The Metternich we see is the man we knew already. The author's comments do not transform him; they hang on him like garlands round the Nelson Column on Trafalgar Day. The figure beneath them is unchanged. It is only the worshippers who have been translated.

With this the author, no doubt, will not agree. But to one who is not "a reviving Tory" the Metternich who lives in these pages is an arid and futile creature. There is a magnificence in his gestures and a hard brilliance in the verbal technique of his

diplomacy, but also a duplicity of mind, an emptiness of purpose and a constant failure to see that politics is an affair not only of personages but of peoples. Mr. Cecil would have us see in Metternich the upholder of the Torch of Latin Civilisation in face of the double menace of Nationalism and Democracy. Of these the natural children are Communism and Plutocracy, and they are our witnesses to-day to the wisdom of the Prime Minister of Europe. But did he foresee them? Or, to go farther, was their coming so surely pre-ordained? Is not the chaos of our times in part, at least, the product of a war of which Metternich may be innocent but from the fear of which the system that he championed could never be free? Or, to go farther still, are these things so much worse, so much more antithetic to "order and peace in the relationships of men," than the political institutions of the Austro-Hungarian Empire?

NEW NOVELS

Helena. By SYLVIA THOMPSON. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
Chaytor's. By ADRIAN ALINGTON. *Chatto and Windus.* 7s. 6d.
Heroic Symphony. By NORA KENNEDY. *Nicholson and Watson.* 7s. 6d.
Lady Help. By SIGRID BOO. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
Doctor Gion. By HANS CAROSSA. *Secker.* 7s. 6d.

In our day plot does not interest the better novelists; the emphasis is all on "mental events." The reveries, the conflicts, the emotions of their characters are barely affected by outward circumstance; the climate with which they are concerned is the climate of the soul. And since worse novelists imitate better, our shelves are crowded with the records of Julians and Carolines who live in little worlds of their own and make a virtue of it. But now Miss Sylvia Thompson, who passes with some as a high-brow and whose command of language is not negligible, has actually chosen a plot. The fact that it was part of the plot chosen by Sir Walter Besant for *The Golden Butterfly* is unimportant; the point is that her heroine is reared on an island in solitude and ignorance of the world, knowing only her father, the crew of his yacht, and the peasants. When Helena was four her father, disgusted with his own success as a playwright and with his wife's frivolity, had snatched away the youngest-born to bring up according to his notions of decency. He dies as the book begins, and Helena (a beauty, of course) is plunged at twenty into corrupt Mayfair. Unfortunately, having chosen this hopeful theme, Miss Thompson has made no more than a passing acquaintance with it. Instead of imagining Helena in a thorough or piercing fashion she has chosen the cheap ready-made way of making her sensationally innocent to the point of imbecility. That Helena was a prig is easy to believe, and doubtless a few *enfant terrible* remarks were inevitable; but is it credible that a girl brought up in intimacy with a brilliant and humane father and encouraged by him to read widely (except novels) should not know the meaning of the word "attractive"? Speaking to her long-lost brother of their mother, she inquires, "Is she a noble woman?" And on being told no, she asks, "Is she base?" Thus at the outset is the note of unreality firmly struck, and Miss Thompson's considerable talent is exercised in maintaining that note throughout. The book is thus perfectly consistent: a flawless crust of ice has been drawn over reality, and not once do we hear a cracking sound which would mean that the author's imagination was breaking through. But there is some graceful figure-skating, as when Helena's sister writes of her:

> She can't go on here indefinitely. She upsets the servants. She eats only two meals a day and thinks nothing of coming into my room with no clothes on to ask me if I think Meredith's novels are a picture of real life.

As was said in these columns last week "There is no justification for writing novels about dull people unless they are lifted out of their dullness," and this remark applies to *Chaytor's*. Mr. Alington has chosen as his subject a preparatory school. It was founded by Mrs. Pallant (at whose Oxford table, prior to her widowhood, Mr. Pater had discoursed), was carried on by her son-in-law, William Chaytor, and should have passed to his beloved elder son John, had not both John and his brother Aubrey been killed in the war. But none of these persons—not even Aubrey, on whom for several chapters all our interest is centred—are lifted out of dullness: they do not even pass from being types to being individuals, which is the first step towards becoming interesting. Mr. Adrian Alington has a good, serviceable, though rather pedestrian, style, but he has no feeling for atmosphere; nor is there in these three hundred pages one instant of divine surprised recognition—every stage of the story is sadly familiar.

Heroic Symphony begins well: Rutther, the small, grasping, self-confident composer-pianist is excellently sketched. The trouble is, the sketch never develops into a portrait, and at the end we know him little better than at the start. The setting of the first half of the book is musical Vienna after the war. Rutther, married to the doormat wife whom novelists so often bestow on their artists, loves the Countess Sophie, who is half-English; and she, in passages reminiscent of Mr. Morgan's *Fountain*, is shown married to an elderly officer whose wounds have unfitted him to be a husband. It is his fatal illness which prevents her elopement with her lover. After this, with Rutther's flight to England, the book, always leisurely, sags. There seems to be no reason why one thing should happen rather than another; that mysterious thread which connects reader and writer is inoperative, and the reader feels no indignation when Rutther's son, believing his father dead, lays claim to the authorship of his great *Première Suite*. Nevertheless, there are flashes which show that the imagination has been, however intermittently, at work. If Miss Kennedy will concentrate her energies she may do good work. She has been too ambitious and, with her eye on heroism and symphonies, has filled in gaps with cockney girls, parrots, comic spinsters. These simply will not do.

Miss Sigrid Boo has had the great advantage of a skilful translator for her Norwegian novel—Miss Naomi Walford; but she has, too, her own advantages of intelligence, light-heartedness and a neat pen. The youthful Helga, for a bet, becomes a domestic servant, and *Lady Help* is an account of her adventures, written in the first person. There are signs, as in the description of the Bech family, that Miss Boo could produce a more serious novel of some merit. "In Mrs. Bech's [eyes] one can see that experience has been transmuted into a kind of intelligence." There is more in this writer than wit, but, for the present, wit is gratefully acknowledged.

Coming to Herr Carossa, it is difficult to say where his crimes end and those of his translator begin:

> He saw that the fine elastic conduits leading the bosom's dynamic powers up to the creative operation of the spirit were in Cynthis already convulsively contracted.

In other words, the young sculptress was slightly dotty. She has had "severe influenza fever" and lives under Doctor Gion's care. The novel is sentimental, inconsequent and quasi-mystical, and exploits "simple" characters in the way Franz Werfel does. Persons and incidents are multiplied without the necessary effect of inner compulsion; thunderstorms abound and people relate their life histories at inappropriate moments. One is occasionally reminded of Lawrence, but Herr Carossa has none of Lawrence's intense visual power, nor—judging by this book only—any other mark of genius.

E. B. C. JONES

THE TRUE FLAUBERT

Gustave Flaubert: L'Homme et l'Oeuvre. Par RENÉ DUMESNIL. *Desclée de Brouwer*, Paris. 30 *francs*.

This book is not so much a Life as a study of Flaubert, man and artist; it does not set out to tell a story or even to draw a portrait; yet within its five hundred pages M. Dumesnil has collected all—or very nearly all—the indispensable facts about Flaubert, and has advanced a criticism of his art which is the most balanced and penetrating of any I have read. His industry has been Flaubertian. For more than thirty years M. Dumesnil has been working at this task—never completely leaving off, he tells us, though he has written a dozen other books—and the result is a volume which every reader of Flaubert should possess, for it is a necessary companion to the *Correspondance* and it is not likely to be superseded until the final Life of Flaubert comes to be written. I advise readers to buy the French edition, which costs a little over eight shillings at the present rate of exchange, and not to wait for an English translation, unless they are prepared to wait for ever.

The first half of M. Dumesnil's book, which deals with the facts of Flaubert's life, I am not competent to criticise. He has apparently studied all the reliable sources (some 400 "essential" books, quoted or referred to in the text, are listed in an appendix), he has had access to unpublished writings of Flaubert and others, and there is no reason to doubt his accuracy, even on minor points

of fact. All the evidence, for example, goes to prove that Maxime Du Camp, Flaubert's friend in youth and his traducer after his death, deliberately distorted the truth when he sat down to write his "memories," which developed into an attack on Flaubert. It was Du Camp who circulated the rumour—repeated by the Goncourts and others—that Flaubert was an epileptic, whose emotional experience ceased to develop after the age of twenty: "a writer of rare talent, who but for this malady would have been a man of genius." Flaubert's lifelong struggle with words, his pre-occupation with style was attributed to a nervous inhibition resulting from epileptic seizures; further, he was charged with sexual frigidity, artistic impotence, etc. The best answer to this is in Flaubert's own writing, but M. Dumesnil shows also that in fact Flaubert was not an epileptic, and his account of Flaubert's *vie sentimentale* disposes of the other charges. His refutation of the Du Camp legend is final. I quote it to show the thoroughness with which M. Dumesnil has investigated his material, even when it comes from a source which in most people's minds is already discredited.

The second part is a discussion and criticism of Flaubert's work. Here again M. Dumesnil's allegiance to facts is invaluable. There are no shots in the dark. He gives us the sources of Flaubert's writing in his life—characters, incidents, books he has read—and in Flaubert's case this is important because his novels start from actuality and remain so close to it that, for example, the portrait of Delphine Delamare in the museum at Rouen will be found to resemble exactly the Emma Bovary of the novel. He traces three distinct *cycles Flaubertiens* in the *histoire litteraire intime* of the writer: (1) the sentimental, of which *L'Education Sentimentale* is the culmination; (2) the philosophical (*Tentation de Saint Antoine*); and (3) the satirical (*Bouvard et Pécuchet*). His demonstration of this threefold purpose and achievement in Flaubert's art is detailed and yet clearly made, and it seems to me entirely satisfactory.

The more one reads Flaubert the more one is astonished by his complete *certainty* at all periods of his life. As an artist he made no mistakes; he worked slowly through innumerable early drafts and revisions to the achievement of a masterpiece, and if he had lived to finish *Bouvard et Pécuchet* there would have been no loose ends to his work at all. This conception of Flaubert is very different from Emile Faguet's picture of a novêlist in whom there was a continual battle going on between romanticism and realism, with first one and then the other triumphant—a view shared by most English critics. Our appreciation too often begins and ends with *Madame Bovary*: Dumesnil, it will be noticed, puts the *Education* above *Bovary* in the sentimental group.

His analysis of *Bouvard et Pécuchet* is brilliant and convincing. This book, more than any of Flaubert's, has profoundly influenced writers of the twentieth century, and it is impossible, I think, to understand Flaubert without a proper understanding of *Bouvard et Pécuchet*. Flaubert himself considered it his masterpiece; Remy de Gourmont describes it as the masterpiece of all French literature. This view may seem exaggerated, but an analysis of *Bouvard* shows that the book is by no means as simple as it may look. The first sketch for it—a short piece with the title *Une leçon d'histoire naturelle, genre commis*—appeared in 1837 when Flaubert was sixteen years of age: it remained unfinished forty-three years later, when he died. During that period—the whole of his active life as a writer—he read thousands of books, and made countless notes, for those two *dossiers*, the *Dictionnaire des Idées Reçues* and the *Sottisier*, which form the basis of the novel and were to occupy the chief part of its second half. The *Dictionnaire* was a collection of well-known passages in literature accepted by the bourgeois taste; the *Sottisier*, of quotations from the best writers of all kinds, philosophical and scientific, containing some elementary or latent stupidity. Bouvard and Pécuchet are two Parisian clerks, copyists, who come into a little money, buy a chateau in Normandy, and begin their search for knowledge. At every turn they encounter stupidity and contradiction; with every subject they take up—gardening, medicine, theology, physics, dietetics, philosophy, history, etc.—it is the same: the authorities disagree, the two pilgrims bump ludicrously to earth. The last words of the book indicate that they will return to their copying.

Now, it is easy at this point to regard the book as a satire on the search for knowledge, an epic of the commonplace, with a bourgeois Mister Everyman in place of the hero of a Morality play, and a Correspondence College in the background. It is a satire, too, on the futility of wrong methods. Maupassant's description is this: "*Bouvard et Pécuchet*, c'est une revue de toutes les sciences, telles qu'elles apparaissent à deux esprits assez lucides, médiocres et simples." But, as M. Dumesnil points out, the characters of Bouvard and Pécuchet change as the book advances; they themselves become less ridiculous, the vast panoply of knowledge becomes more and more fantastic; and when at the end of their adventures they sit down to copy, what they are going to copy is the florilegium of nonsense which they have compiled in the course of their search, i.e., the *Sottisier* elaborately collected by Flaubert himself. "Ils voient la bêtise et ne la tolérent plus"; "par leur curiosité, leur intelligence se développe et qu'ayant plus d'idées, ils ont plus de souffrances. . . ."

> Des choses insignifiantes les attristent: les réclames des journaux, le profil d'un bourgeois, une sotte réflexion entendu par hasard. En songeant à ce qu'on dit dans leur village et qu'il y a jusqu'aux antipodes d'autres Coulon et d'autres Marescot, ils sentent peser sur eux toute la lourdeur de la terre.

These are Flaubert's words, not M. Dumesnil's, and it is astonishing that so many critics should have missed their meaning: for they state plainly what the whole book shows gradually, that Bouvard and Pécuchet become imbued with the critical spirit of their author; their pilgrimage is, indeed, the reverse of the farce it began by being.

Many readers, I have no doubt, must have felt this unconsciously as they read the book, a weight, "la lourdeur de la terre," an epic quality beyond the joke of the commonplace, an accumulation of more than futility; but so far as I know, M. Dumesnil is the first to elucidate this feeling by means of analysis. If that were all he had done, we should have reason to be grateful to him. The influence of *Don Quixote*, parts of which Flaubert knew by heart before he could read, and of Goethe's *Faust* becomes plainer now. There still remains a good deal to be said about the relation of "Bovarysme" to "Bouvardism"; both obviously spring from the centre of Flaubert's vision which has not yet been adequately defined.

I have no space to deal with the other points of his criticism—on Flaubert's style, for example, and the importance in the Flaubertian scheme of that semi-autobiography *L'Education Sentimentale*—but he is consistently good. One point he does not mention. Why are the *Dictionnaire* and the *Sottisier* still unpublished? The second, at any rate, is an integral part of *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, and should be added to any decent edition. The manuscript remains, I believe, in the custody of the French Government, at Chantilly, where it may be seen but not copied—and apparently not published. Is this the ultimate revenge of the bourgeois official?

G. W. STONIER

OSCAR WILDE

Oscar Wilde. By G. J. RENIER. *Davies.* 5s.

The history of civilisation is probably written more clearly in the record of legal proceedings than anywhere else, or, at any rate, the standard and variety of barbarism prevalent in any age can be measured pretty accurately in its legal proceedings. That is what makes famous trials so interesting and so important. What a vision of human culture one gets from a study of the trials of Socrates, Christ, Galileo and Servetus, Richard Carlile, and Dreyfus! "The most pernicious race of little odious vermin that Nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth"—the words inevitably come back to one whenever one examines the history of human civilisation, and the grim joke is that in every generation they are applicable not to the condemned criminals, but to the law-makers and judges.

Among famous historical trials that of Oscar Wilde takes its place with the Dreyfus case for the light which it throws upon pre-war civilisation. The little odious vermin are crawling merrily, as usual, in the eighteen-nineties, and, as usual, the righteous hunters seem to be so much more crawly and verminous than the hunted criminals. That is the lesson to be learnt from this excellent little Life of Wilde which Mr. Renier has written. Every nation has its own peculiar brand of barbarism, and Wilde's tragedy, with its strange mixture of snobbery, cant, and crucifixion, could only have taken place in England. In dealing with it, Mr. Renier has the great advantage of being a foreigner, for, not having been nurtured in or reacted against the savageries and superstitions peculiar to British civilisation, he can view them with more dispassionateness than a native. His account of Wilde's life and trial is admirable in its brevity, directness, and discretion. The biographer of Oscar Wilde has a double task: he has to deal with Wilde both as a famous author and as a famous criminal. Mr.

Alfred Mond
First Lord Melchett
By HECTOR BOLITHO

"Mr. Bolitho's book is above all things the work of art that a great man's biography should be." Observer. 21s.

God's Little Acre
By ERSKINE CALDWELL

"I back him for a place at the very top of American fiction. He is equally a master of comic and tragic narrative." Compton Mackenzie in The Daily Mail. 7s. 6d.

Doctor Gion
By HANS CAROSSA

"Will receive a welcome from everybody who has made the acquaintance of his earlier and autobiographical volumes. Admirably translated, 'Doctor Gion' is a beautifully written piece of work." The Times. Translation by AGNES NEILL SCOTT. 7s. 6d.

The True History of Shakespeare's Sonnets
By LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS

"The most sensible and illuminating account of these mysterious works of genius that has yet been published." Daily Express. 8s. 6d.

SECKER

" A thoroughly enjoyable story of travel "
—MANCHESTER GDN.

WILLIAM SEABROOK'S

Air Adventure

tells of his experiences on his mission to secure the memoirs of Père Yakouba (described in "Jungle Ways") which will be published later under the title " The White Monk of Timbuctoo."

" We must not spoil Mr. Seabrook's exciting story by anticipation. But **we can and do advise it as an excellent companion for the Easter holiday.** It has a real idiosyncrasy of character to recommend it as well as the nature of its theme."—*Observer* (editorial). *2nd Impr. printing. Illus.* 8s. 6d. *net*

+

R. S. Surtees

By FREDERICK WATSON, *Author of " Hunting Pie," etc. Illustrated.* 12s. 6d. *net*

" Mr. Watson has done admirable justice to his theme. Here the reader will find no revelations, no psychoanalysis, no gossip, but a portrait of that typical figure of a past order, done with the understanding of a kindred spirit."—*Times.*

" The wide knowledge . . . the economy and balanced judgment displayed by Mr. Watson, give to his book an interest and authority beyond the narrow limits of biography. In analysing the different sides of Surtees' works and character he enlarges one's understanding of early Victorian England."—R. MCNAIR SCOTT in *Sunday Times.*

The Girl through the Ages

By DOROTHY MARGARET STUART (" *D.M.S.*" *of* " *Punch* "). *Illustrated.* 7s. 6d. *net*

" Miss Stuart, for whose work I have long had a great admiration, has skilfully blended stories of people and things. It is a companion volume to *The Boy through the Ages* and gives in fascinating detail the story of girl-life from Babylonian and Egyptian days to Victorian times. The reproductions of contemporary pictures are quite delightful."—E. M. DELAFIELD in *Morning Post.*

China Yesterday and To-day

By PROFESSOR E. T. WILLIAMS. *Fifth Edition, revised. Illustrated.* 18s. *net*

A new edition, brought up to 1932, of a standard work which is the most complete and up-to-date survey of China available.

Greece and the Ægean

By E. A. GARDNER, Litt. D. *With Preface by Lord Rennell of Rodd and a Chapter on Constantinople by Stanley Casson. Illustrated.* 7s. 6d. *net*

"Prospective adventurers to Greece will welcome this volume, which combines guide-book practicability with minute scholarship. The map and lovely photographs whet one's appetite to be away, while information as to routes and excursions enables the traveller to make the most of his trip."
—*Time and Tide.*

HARRAP

Renier is more successful with the criminal than with the author.

He does not make it quite clear where he would place Wilde in the hierarchy of letters. On the Continent Wilde's reputation as a writer is much higher than in England, and one gathers that Mr. Renier thinks that we underrate his achievement. But when it comes to the point and to details, he cannot make any kind of case for numbering Wilde among the great. *Lady Windermere's Fan* is a very good play, and *The Importance of Being Earnest* is an extraordinarily amusing one, but they disappear if you put them side by side with, say, *Hedda Gabler* or *Heartbreak House*. Everything else which he wrote seems to me second-rate stuff, though some of it is, no doubt, very good second-rate stuff. His reputation as an author would probably be much lower (and justly so) both on the Continent and in England if it had not been for his trial and conviction on a homosexual charge.

Wilde himself was a creature of his time, and his time was unfortunately essentially second-rate and vulgar in the worst sense. It is the essential vulgarity of his mind that makes him so unsympathetic as a character and so second-rate as an author. It is only when one reads the story of his barbarous prosecution, the savage sentence, and the inhuman punishment that one begins to sympathise with him, realising that, with all his defects, he was so much superior to the hunters and the judges.

LORD MELCHETT

Alfred Mond, First Lord Melchett. By HECTOR BOLITHO. *Secker.* 21s.

Lord Melchett possessed perhaps more than anyone in public life except Mr. Lloyd George the power of being able to think ahead and search for plans for dealing with emergencies long before their arrival was visible to the ordinary politician and man of business. As long ago as 1910 he was working out the idea of a planned industry. The need became far more urgent with the war. He grasped at once the dangers that were arising from the enormous expansion of industry which the need for shells was creating. He adopted the gospel of high wages and short hours long before it had been popularised among industrialists. He was one of the first to realise the inefficiency of production created by small firms engaged in ruinous competition. He became the leading apostle of rationalisation and the Chemical Merger of 1927 probably represents the most important amalgamation in English industrial history.

Though in debate he was one of the most formidable anti-Socialist speakers in the country, in his last years he always regarded it as a barren controversy. Unbridled private enterprise was to him as dangerous as the strait-waistcoat of the complete Socialist state. He fully realised the defects of capitalism; what he wanted was to create the conditions in which capitalism could work for the greatest happiness of the greatest number. He was one of the earliest and most enthusiastic advocates of what in the jargon of to-day is called " planned private enterprise."

There was nothing of " the hard faced " about Mond. For all his gigantic plans for the aggregation of industry, he never forgot the human factor. I know that he regarded the Mond-Turner Industrial Conference as one of the greatest achievements of his career. It was the translation to the conference table of his dream of " the three joint partners in industry, namely, shareholders, management and labour." " The great need," he said at the Conference, " is the recognition of these three factors as equal and essential parts of the industrial organism. The slogan must be 'Partnership in work, pay, play and profits.'" The Conference itself may only have achieved limited results, but the remarkable fact was that it took place at all. As Mr. Bolitho points out—" It was the first time in all the history of Labour that representative employers and organised workers met to discuss the broader conditions of the Industry and Labour question generally without regard to any specific dispute."

To lay the greatest emphasis on these achievements does not mean to belittle his political career. Asquith, instead of giving him the high office he had earned, fobbed him off with a baronetcy, and it was not until 1917, more than ten years after his first election to the House of Commons, that he was given his chance by Mr. Lloyd George and became a member of the Cabinet. Once there, he seized his opportunity with both hands. As First Commissioner of Works he brought business methods to Whitehall. I like particularly the story that Mr. Bolitho tells of how when a voluminous Government file was

AN ENGLISHMAN JOINS THE GANGS

LIMEY

JAMES SPENSER

10/6 net

"OBSERVER": "A world of open thieving, wholesale bribing, of frequent violence and inevitable murder; and yet a world with its traditions and mutual understandings."

SIDNEY DARK: "A most remarkable book. It can be accepted without hesitation as a statement of fact . . . So this is America!"

A CURE OF FLESH

J. G. COZZENS

7/6 net

DESMOND MacCARTHY: "In Mr. Cozzens 'Longmans' have found an American novelist of more importance than 'Thornton Wilder.'"

SYLVIA LYND: "An exquisite artist . . . an admirable book."

HENRY CROMWELL

R. W. RAMSEY

15/- net

"EVERYMAN": "A fully-documented and intimately revealing life of Cromwell's fourth son. An invaluable source book."

THE ODES OF PINDAR

RENDERED IN ENGLISH VERSE

A. F. MURISON

10/6 net

First Horace then the Bucolics and Georgics of Vergil and now The Odes of Pindar have been rendered by Professor Murison with a sensitive ear ever attuned to the cadences of the original.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES

AND THEIR ORGANISATION

G. C. ALLEN, Ph.D.

10/6 net

"DAILY TELEGRAPH": "An informative and reliable work of reference on the evolution of British industry."

LONGMANS

A SPLENDID TRADITION!

WILL YOU HELP TO KEEP IT UP?

There is not one day in the calendar which is not the anniversary of an heroic rescue by the Life-Boat Service

It needs each year

5 Farthings

from every one of our population. Will you give your share and as much more as you can afford?

THE EARL OF HARROWBY, Honorary Treasurer. LT.-COL. C. R. RATTERAY WAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,

Life-Boat House, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.

A PUBLISHING

miracle

HAS HAPPENED

JOHN O'LONDON

THE ANNOUNCEMENT

of a really cheap edition of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE is news which will quicken the pulses of all who have found noble profit and pleasure in the supreme architecture of English literature, from Beowulf to Bridges, from the Beginnings to the close of the Nineteenth Century.

FOR YEARS

this great source-book, "unapproached for completeness, for scholarship, for sober enthusiasm, for attractiveness," this "most monumental book about books which has ever appeared," has stood outside the reach of those whose purse-lengths are in inverse ratio to their literary appetites.

BUT MODERN

conditions bring radical adjustments, and now the new cheap edition of THE CAMBRIDGE LITERATURE comes to you at only one-sixth of its original cost. Seven thousand pages of brilliant and engrossing writing by over a hundred scholars, "an accurate, impartial and impersonal account of the present state of knowledge of English literature and of all matters concerning it" beckon you at the price of a few modern novels!

EVEN SO

there are two ways of obtaining the new CAMBRIDGE LITERATURE, and, in any case the set can be sent to you at once. While you are tasting the work's unapproachable virtues, you may, if you like, settle over a period so that your expenditure occasions no more financial inconvenience than your daily purchase of newspapers.

TO THE

PHOENIX BOOK COMPANY LTD

3 & 4 KING STREET COVENT GARDEN LONDON W.C.2

Please send me (without obligation) your prospectus, specimen page, and full details, financial and otherwise, of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE NEW CHEAP EDITION.

NAME AND ADDRESS

N.S.8/4 POST UNDER HALFPENNY COVER

placed in front of him he grunted once and said: "the whole Book of Revelation occupies ten pages, I don't see why new wash basins in the Revenue Office at Leeds should take a hundred pages. Take it away and bring me a short one without details. It is for you to worry about them."

But the Ministry of Health gave him greater scope. "Mond reduced the cost of building and rationalised the entire housing of the country." In September of 1920 the houses were costing £1,000 each; in six months the same houses were costing £600.

But he had hardly started in his work before there came the Carlton Club meeting and the fall of Mr. Lloyd George, and the curtain fell on his official life. The Liberal dissensions which he had done his utmost to heal broke out again: though he was returned for Carmarthen, the Liberal Party was reduced to a remnant in 1924; he found himself out of sympathy with Mr. Lloyd George's land policy and still more with uncompromising Free Trade; he joined the Conservatives, and, in 1928, entered the House of Lords, and the gates of that gilded prison-house shut him off from all further opportunities of high office for ever. In face of such a career, one is naturally concerned "with the haunting shadow of the might have been." There was such brilliant promise and such very little time for its fulfilment.

Like all men who change life-long political allegiances, he has been much criticised for his conversion to Conservatism in 1926. The most Machiavellian reasons have been put forward for his change of front. In actual fact the explanation is simplicity itself. The Liberal Party had ceased to reflect his point of view and he felt that at whatever cost of personal feeling and natural affinities he must break from it. There was no more ridiculous suggestion than that he wanted to be on the popular side. Had he not fought Salford, over thirty years before, as a pro-Boer in the tumult of the Khaki election? All his life he had struggled against popular prejudices. His friends warned him that there was no hope of promotion from the Conservatives, and they proved in the event to be sadly right. Of all the men I have ever known I can think of none less likely to pursue a course of conduct private or political from an unworthy motive.

During the last decade of his life, much of his thought and energy was engaged in the re-creation of the National Home for the Jews in Palestine. He made the Zionist Movement "fashionable" in England (in itself a difficult and considerable achievement), but, what is more, he wholeheartedly devoted all his experience and reputation as a statesman and industrialist to giving practical form to the Zionist ideals of his much-loved friend, Chaim Weizmann, and translating them into effect in Palestine itself. Brought up with no association with the Jewish Faith and national aspirations which were his by inheritance, he found himself, towards the end of his life, drawn back to them by bonds "light as gossamer but strong as steel." Over his grave his son recited the traditional Mourning Prayer of the Jews: that was his homecoming. He will be remembered as he would have wished, as a Lover of his People.

But the image of him that I most like to recall has no relation either to the world of industry or of politics or of Zionism. It is of him in his home whither he escaped from the disappointments and rebuffs of public life. Then the seemingly arrogant and hard exterior was shed like the protective colouring that it was and all his charming qualities—his devotion to the arts, his admirable sense of fun, his shrewd judgment on men and affairs, his extraordinary personal kindness—became revealed.

H. L. NATHAN

SHORTER NOTICES

Moral Man and Immoral Society: A Study in Ethics and Politics. By REINHOLD NIEBUHR. *Scribners.* 10s. 6d.

Here is a call to moralists and sociologists to face the fundamental fact of the structure of civilised society, which is that it employs and must always employ power to coerce recalcitrant minorities; and, as Henry Adams said and Professor Niebuhr emphasises, "power is poison." The professor is no pessimist; but a facile optimism cannot exist in the cold light he directs upon the faults inherent in society, faults that full understanding and religious altruism may modify but can never utterly irradicate. The thesis advanced is that the group is always less moral than are the individuals composing it, and that the larger the group the less moral do its outlooks and methods become; and the points Professor Niebuhr makes are that no amount of knowledge will ever persuade an economic group to yield its power, unless and until another sufficiently formidable power challenges it. His elaborate survey of the hypocrisies and apologies under which this predatory group instinct is disguised has a force that may not be denied. He is, it is true, primarily addressing an American audience, but he ransacks the world and the ages for his illustrations; and of the very few bouquets he throws the most agreeable come our way.

Shorthand Letters of Samuel Pepys. Transcribed and Edited by EDWIN CHAPPELL. *Cambridge.* 8s. 6d.

Among the mass of Pepysian MSS. still unpublished are many copies or drafts of letters written wholly or partly in shorthand. This little book is composed of transcriptions from the fifty-six such letters contained in the volume *S. Pepys' Official Correspondence* 1662–1679 which came into the possession of the National Maritime Museum upon the sale of the Pepys-Cockerell collections. Of the remaining 880-odd letters in the volume, the more important ones were reprinted by Dr. J. R. Tanner in *Further Correspondence of Samuel Pepys*, to which this is supplementary. In recent years Pepys's work at the Navy Board has not lacked appreciation: his efficiency and zeal in the creation of a powerful naval administration to replace the *ad hoc* organisation of earlier days has received due recognition from naval historians, to whom this book will chiefly appeal. Many of the letters, touching upon the lesser points of his organising work, provisioning, prize goods, convoys and so on, are of no great moment: more valuable are those which give sidelights on the shortage of money for the Dutch wars, the consequent strikes at Deptford and Woolwich, the pressing of craftsmen and mariners, and the discontent among the seamen who were paid off with worthless tickets. The most significant of them all, however, is one that reveals an extraordinary piece of jobbery in connection with the building of the *Rupert*. Three designs were submitted: Pepys recommended Deane's, and, without revealing the author, showed it to an expert, who declared that "he that made the draught had never built a ship in his life, nor understood a ship." Whereupon Pepys promised Deane to return to him his draught "to review" together with those of his two rivals, "none but myself knowing anything hereof. . . . This I do out of the true affection I have to you and desire of your well doing, as well as faithfulness to the King's service." The volume might have been improved by the addition of some of the long-hand letters. Perhaps its chief distinction is that (to judge from the photograph of a page of the MS.) it is the first published transcription from Pepys's shorthand which is not open to serious criticism. The notes, which might without loss have been much briefer, sketch adequately the historical and personal background; but the introductory history of the shorthand which Pepys employed repeats some commonly stated inaccuracies.

Barry Jackson and the London Theatre. By G. W. BISHOP. *Barker.* 21s.

In the foreword he contributes to Mr. Bishop's review of Sir Barry Jackson's aims and productions, Mr. Cochran writes: "The book is a record of achievement in the theatre unequalled by any other manager since the war. Sir Barry Jackson is England's great man of the theatre. His influence on the drama of his time cannot be appraised too highly." The first statement is true. Sir Barry is a man of the theatre, interested

THE ENGLISH LAND SOCIETY
LIMITED.
CO-OPERATIVE INVESTMENTS IN REAL ESTATE.
The ENGLISH LAND SOCIETY, Ltd., offers you the immediate opportunity to invest in REAL ESTATE with the assurance of a Sound Investment which has stood the test of time and maintained its stability in the most chaotic period of modern conditions.
FOR FULL PARTICULARS CUT OUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT AND SEND TO
THE ENGLISH LAND SOCIETY LTD
83, BRIDGE STREET. MANCHESTER.
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs

One Year, post free - - 30s. 0d.
Six months " " - - 15s. 0d.
Three " " " - - 7s. 6d.

All communications relating to the above should be addressed to

The Manager
THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION
10, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2

From THE NEW STATESMAN

"Y. Y."

AN ANTHOLOGY OF ESSAYS

By

ROBERT LYND

Selected, with an Introduction, by

EILEEN SQUIRE

7s. 6d. net

"There is an endearing quality about Mr. Lynd that makes him irresistible to the reader. Hardly any other author—certainly no other essayist—is so gentle, so kindly, so unassuming. He is compelled to use the I, but it is the least egotistic I on the bookshelves . . . There is a vast deal of delectable reading in this volume."

ROBERT BELL in *The Observer.*

METHUEN & CO. LTD.
36 Essex Street, London, W.C.2

NAPOLEON PASSES

Conal O'Riordan

Mr. H. G. WELLS says :—
"I have read "NAPOLEON PASSES" with continuous loud cheers . . . Done exactly as debunking ought to be done, lightness of touch, soundness of scholarship. Naphantasts will read it with cries of horror . . . I never read more open-air writing."

A REVIEW OF THE NAPOLEONIC LEGEND
★ RECOMMENDED BY THE BOOK SOCIETY ★
8/6 net
ARROWSMITH

PHILOSOPHY

LEADING CONTENTS FOR APRIL:

PLATO AND NATURAL SCIENCE. PROFESSOR G. C. FIELD
PLATO'S THEORY OF FORMS AND MODERN PHYSICS C. E. M. JOAD
SPINOZA'S DOCTRINE OF PRIVATION RAPHAEL DEMOS, Ph.D.
THE BIOLOGICAL APPROACH TO PHILOSOPHY A. D. RITCHIE, M.A.
RELATIVITY IN ETHICS PROFESSOR G. R. T. ROSS
RIGHT ACTIONS AND MOTIVES P. LEON, M.A.
EVERYDAY PHILOSOPHY OF THE TURKISH PEOPLE IN STAMBOUL PROFESSOR A. HILMI ÖMER

Philosophical Survey. New Books. Institute Notes.

Price 3s. 6d. net. *Annual subscription 14s. net post free.*

MACMILLAN & CO. LTD. LONDON W.C.2

BUMPUS

D. H. LAWRENCE. An important Exhibition of Original Manuscripts of Novels, Poems and Articles by D. H. Lawrence is now open. First Editions, Proof Copies, Note Books and Photographs are also on show.

BOOKS FOR EASTER. Guide Books and Maps, and all kinds of books for holiday reading, can be chosen easily at Bumpus's.

JOHN & EDWARD BUMPUS Ltd.
Booksellers to H.M. the King,
350 Oxford Street, London, W.1
Telephone: Mayfair 3601.

BOOKS

THE
LIBERAL MAGAZINE

Edited by HAROLD STOREY

APRIL NUMBER

The Means to Prosperity: Mr. Keynes's Plan.

New Census of Production.

Agricultural Marketing Bill.

The Disarmament Convention.

India: The White Paper and the Debate.

Parliamentary Debates—Divisions—Blue Books—Statistics—Diary of the Month, etc.

6d. Monthly. *6s. a Year.*

Liberal Publication Department,
42, Parliament Street, London, S.W.1.

in, and with real practical knowledge of, its technique; a man, too, of pronounced tastes and appreciations, and with the means to gratify the one and insist upon the other. Hence his achievements. That he is England's great man of the theatre presumably means that, with the exception of Mr. Cochran's, his is the only continuous management on a big scale we have had since the war, and so may pass, if his only rival pleases. But that his influence on the drama of his time cannot be appraised too highly is another matter altogether. It might, indeed, be said that up to now Sir Barry's influence on the drama of his time has been nil. Neither *The Immortal Hour* nor *The Marvellous History of St. Bernard*, his most idiosyncratic productions, has so far inspired anyone to do likewise. But if Sir Barry has not profoundly affected the drama of his time, his management has been honourable and disinterested, and his retirement would be deeply regretted by a very large play-going public. Mr. Bishop has added to his general survey and appreciation a full list of Sir Barry's first-night programmes to the time of going to press, missing only the present performance of his famous Birmingham Repertory Company in which the company, without a star in the cast, "puts over" a particularly American play with all the snap of an imported company.

A Street in Moscow. By ILYA EHRENBOURG. *Grayson.* 7s. 6d.

A Street in Moscow, if translation does not belie it, is a hopelessly amateurish novel. It has a temporary interest as an unpropagandist picture of bits of modern Russia (the story of the abandoned children particularly): many of the incidents, although sentimentalised and exaggerated, are probably taken from life. The puppets who enact them are meaningless, fantastic caricatures; they belong to the worst tradition of modern fairy-tale. "What are the Pankratovs? Are they human beings? They are only sausages, bon-bons, and ham." Exactly.

About Motoring

THE ALVIS SPEED TWENTY

Le roi est mort, vive le roi! By which I mean that the mantle of the defunct Bentley has fallen on the shoulders of Alvis. Not necessarily on them alone, for there are plenty of fast cars at medium prices on the market—the Lagonda, the M.G., and plenty more; even the V8 Ford sold at under £300 can do its sixty on second gear and approach eighty on top. But for the all-too-short years of its existence the Bentley occupied an enviable niche in our affections. It was always in all its sizes just about as fast as a car of a given power can be. That is nothing. Any old motor can be made fast. But the Bentley coupled extreme speed with extreme reliability and with the years of a Methusaleh. Dealers are still asking £450 for shabby old 4½-litre Bentleys built four years ago; they are getting this sum, and they cannot find enough old Bentleys to meet the demand. In other words, the Bentley was not merely a fast car, but was also a sound investment. Of cars catalogued at bourgeois prices and figuring in this special Bentley category, I have known very few. But I believe the Alvis belongs to it. Study the myriads of small advertisements of secondhand cars which pack all sorts of journals at primrose time, and you will always notice that the Alvis continues to command an unusually high percentage of its original cost. If a hectic youth drives most fast cars helter-skelter for 25,000 miles, the wreckage is often due for the junk heap; but you may still be asked £350 or more for an Alvis with such a history, because the stuff of the chassis is so good that after a little skilled attention from a reconditioning expert the car will still be fast, dependable, economical and quiet. I welcomed this new speed twenty with a fanfare of trumpets—*i.e.*, my best superlatives—last year on its début, and with more road experience of it I wish to repeat the fanfare *crescendo*. It is not perfect, and I will set out its faults first, that we may end on a gloating note. *Imprimis*, only the cheapest cars should be sent out with a single screen wiper; it is dangerous to drive any car in heavy traffic on a wet night when clear vision is limited to a patch of unobscured glass no larger than this page; and if a firm can get upwards of £695 for a car they ought to fit double wipers, or, better still, invent a full-width wiper. Secondly, all really fast cars should have shock absorbers with a dashboard adjustment. If the absorbers are set tight the car will ride harshly at low speeds; if they are set on the slack side it will not be too safe or too comfortable at high speeds. Both these fitments are comparatively inexpensive, and they ought to be standard on all fast cars. The Alvis has neither; and any sensible customer will naturally add them. The third criticism is a little unfair. High speed with a small engine is purchased at a sacrifice. Ninety m.p.h. and violent acceleration are furnished by such items as a light flywheel and a high compression ratio. Consequently, we do not expect a car of this type to purr like a sucking dove at five miles an hour on top gear, or to slide like a hot knife through butter when it is dawdling in thick traffic. The speed twenty Alvis will fire quite regularly and evenly at 10 m.p.h. or less on its high gear; but the samples which I have tested did not settle down to a really first-class gait at much under thirty miles an hour. At lower speeds they were not genuinely rough or noisy; but like the smaller Bentleys they were perhaps a shade rougher and a little less quiet than one could wish, when the driver's mood turned to conversation or to admiring scenery at low road speeds. It is in these respects that the fire-eaters all disappoint; we have to pay Rolls prices if we want a dual-personality car, which can Jekyll or Hyde to match our caprice of the moment.

And now I have done with carping. Face this car frankly for the fire-eater that it is, and it is a complete marvel. I took it round a sharp V-bend out of a lane into an arterial. We crept round the bend on third gear with the wheels barely revolving. The arterial was deserted. I trod on the accelerator and advanced the spark. In miraculously few yards we were leaping forward at 60–70–75. The road curved, and the surface was not like a pane of glass; but at seventy-five before changing up I took both hands off the wheel, and she continued to accelerate like a plane in dead air without a quiver or tremor. Up on to top—80–90—and one hand sufficed to hold her. The next curve was of shorter radius than I remembered, and I dropped my free hand to the wheel and gripped hard. There was no tyre squeal, no sliding, no "crabbing"; she went round taking my desired course to a hair without fighting me. Not an atom of sway was perceptible. No invisible force pressed me or my crew outwards from the centre of the radius. Here her designer will interject: "That, sir, is why I gave her inaccessible shock absorber adjustments. I didn't want my customers to drive her hard with them slack!" I admit the justice of the argument. But such cars should not be bought by fools; and when anon I raised my foot and dawdled her, she pleased us all much less; for the stiff suspension registered the inequalities in a goodish road; and if she'd had telecontrol absorbers, I could have reached a hand to the dash and eased the springing to suit my change of mood. Presently we were faced by a long slope, up which a family 16 h.p. with four gears demands a change down,

CONSIDER THE EGG!

Consider its artistic contour; its delicacy; its mystery; its habit of rolling when placed on an inclined plane. Above all, consider its smoothness. There are few familiar objects so attractively smooth as an egg. The thinly hirsute gooseberry is disreputable by comparison—and what shall be said of the ferociously bearded coconut?

Thoughts of smoothness arouse comparison with manly chins . . . which leads us to the rites of shaving. Of a truth, it has long been an irksome task to convert a coconut-like or even a "gooseberryish" chin, to the smooth immaculateness of an egg. But now there can be pleasure in shaving. One must have a good razor, of course. Even more important is the shaving cream—the thousand-times-multiplying lubricant that creates on face and chin foam and lather of a richness sufficient to soften the toughest bristles, and to leave the barbered skin velvety and refreshed. Let us say a cream like Parke-Davis Shaving Cream, of which you may secure a specimen to try merely for the asking. Seven days' good shaves will convince—then 1/6 long lasting tubes from your chemist. Write for the 7-day sample to: Euthymol, Box 119/4, 50 Beak Street, London, W.1.

COMPANY MEETING

VICKERS, LIMITED

Presiding at the annual general meeting of Vickers, Limited, held in London on Monday, April 3rd, General the Hon. Sir Herbert A. Lawrence, G.C.B. (the Chairman), said, in part: The trading results have again been adversely affected by the prevailing world-trade depression. The net profit is £529,038, a reduction of £45,455 compared with 1931. The most striking alteration in the balance-sheet, compared with 1931, is the reduction of £1,934,490 in Government and Colonial securities and the increase of £2,410,891 in cash at bankers. The investment of capital to-day presents unusual difficulties, particularly in a company like yours where the investments must be of a liquid nature. The total floating assets are £8,071,616, compared with £8,518,377 in 1931.

Vickers-Armstrongs: The main activities of this Company relate to shipbuilding—both warships and merchant ships—and armaments. The depressed state of the shipbuilding industry and the world-reduction in armaments have necessarily reacted seriously on the trading results. The Company has to-day a better order book than a year ago. The largest vessel launched in this country last year was the "Queen of Bermuda," built at the Barrow works of your company.

I would refer to the misleading views promulgated by certain pacific societies regarding private armament firms. Drawing upon very vivid imaginations, they represent such firms secretly stirring up strife in various quarters of the globe with the deliberate intent to bring about war for the sole purpose of selling armaments. So far as your Company is concerned, there never has been and never will be the shadow of substance for such suggestion. So long as a British Navy, a British Army and a British Air Force are necessary, so long must the technical establishments and skilled men be retained—either by Vickers-Armstrongs or in some other works—to supply their needs. The existence of armament firms is the result—not the cause—of the incidence of War.

Satisfactory progress has been made with the installation of the new plant and tools, but it will be late in 1933 before the work is completed. When this has been done the English Steel Corporation hope to possess the best equipped steel melting department, forge, and machine-shop equipment in the country.

Regarding the general outlook, there has latterly been some slight improvement in certain branches of our export trade, and there are signs of recovery in some of the staple industries for the first time for many years. If this movement gains momentum there may be better times ahead. Whilst the profit prospects for 1933 are not good, the volume of work for the current year, the profit on which will not accrue until 1934, is distinctly better, and will, I hope, increase as the year progresses. The report and accounts were adopted.

No depression here!

Women's Pioneer Housing Ltd.

Flats at moderate rents for women of moderate incomes

The Annual Meeting, held 30th March, 1933, declared A FULL DIVIDEND OF

6%

FOR THE TWELFTH YEAR IN SUCCESSION

Full and interesting particulars as to Investments and Flats from the Secretary, 83, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1

FACTS OF LIFE

BOOKS which will supply knowledge of the facts of Life are a necessity to every man and woman. Recent utterances by legal and religious authorities have marked emphatically the definite change of opinion that has taken place during the past few years regarding the necessity of sound Sex Education. We had foreseen such a change, and the undermentioned books by authoritative authors—dealing with all the phases of the subject—provide all the information necessary for you to have. In your own interests you are urged to make your choice without delay:—

By Dr. G. COURTENAY BEALE.

WISE WEDLOCK (Birth Control). Nearly 100,000 sold. The most complete book on Birth Control 6/3

SECRETS OF SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE Dr. Beale's latest work. A remarkable book of revelation .. 6/3

THE REALITIES OF MARRIAGE A book of guidance for Men and Women in which Dr. Beale answers most Marital problems 6/3

WOMAN'S CHANGE OF LIFE An entirely new **practical** book by this well-known author which will prove of inestimable value to every woman 5/3

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF SEX. By Dr. R. T. TRALL. The most illuminating book ever published, and the only Authentic illustrated edition 13/-

PITFALLS OF MARRIAGE M. Gallichan's latest and most able volume on Marriage. Read it and ensure happy married life 3/9

MEDICAL VIEWS ON BIRTH CONTROL With an introduction by Sir Thomas Horder, Bart. Let your decisions be guided by this book, written by the greatest medical authorities in the land.. .. .. 3/9

A Popular Series by Dr. G. COURTENAY BEALE.

MARRIAGE: BEFORE AND AFTER Full of important information and advice.

THE PERFECT WIFE A book which every woman should read.

THE COMPLETE HUSBAND A wonderful book of advice for the Husband of to-day and to-morrow.

THE HAPPY LOVER A luminous guide book of unequalled help to millions.

WOMAN AND LOVE. Every woman will be the better for the reading of this wonderful work.

1/2 each or the five books for 5/4

All prices include postage.

Make your selection from these important books and send Cheque or P.O. now to

THE GEORGE H. WALES Publishing Co.,

Dept. 169, 26, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2.

10 FOR 8d.
20 FOR 1/4
50 FOR 3/3
Handmade
20 FOR 1/6
Also obtainable in other packings

"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the *Three Castles*"
THE VIRGINIANS

WILLS'S
THREE CASTLES
CIGARETTES

W2124A

Seattle, Washington, U.S.A.

"I have been smoking for over ten years, and of course my favourite being the old pipe, but not until just recently have I discovered the perfect tobacco, such is Barneys.

"A friend of mine gave me a neat pipe full, which was smoked to the last ember. ***Real pipe-enjoyment after ten years of wandering through an array of tobaccos, home at last!*** *I wish that you would send me a two-pound lot of Barneys (medium) in the "EVERFRESH" Tins C.O.D. to the following address: "Thanking you in advance for that GOOD tobacco."*

"Real pipe-enjoyment after ten years of wandering through an array of tobaccos.... home at last!"

Barneys smokers are its own best salesmen. No other tobacco made to-day owes so much, in its development, to the enthusiasm of the men who smoke it.

Above is the latest tribute to Barneys—from U.S.A.—*the land which grows the leaf.* This smoker sends several thousand miles for Barneys although he has a score of different brands practically on his doorstep, most of which would cost him less than Barneys in U.S.A.

If *you* seek a tobacco which varies not in its friendly charm or goodness, make a trial of Barneys. It *has* given greater pipe-joy to men who have tried tobacco after tobacco, for years, in their search for the really good.

GOOD TOBACCO KEPT GOOD

The "EVERFRESH" Tin keeps Barneys *factory-fresh.* It conserves its inherent goodness in spite of climatic change or varying stock-keeping.

Until you pull the Rubber Tab the "EVERFRESH" Tin is *sealed and locked,* preserving Barneys in all its original freshness.

Barneys (*medium*).
Parsons Pleasure (*mild*).
Punchbowle (*full-strength*).
Home Price: 2 oz. 2/4.

To open: Pull the Rubber Tab.

(186) Made by John Sinclair, Ltd., Bath Lane, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

and slows to thirty-five with a clear road. It chanced to be dotted with carts and lorries and vans, some ascending, some descending. The Alvis danced up it like a jinking hare on her third gear, perfectly willing to shoot up at seventy. I took it less fast than that, because I did not wish to frighten any sleepy drivers; but if I had felt callous, I could have gone up at seventy without endangering a soul, so true is her steering, so enormous her brakes, so willing her engine.

Silence is very fair for a car of this type. At small throttle openings the occupants hear no more than the kind of low rumble which characterises a mass-produced family saloon of medium h.p., but pedestrians astern catch a sharper crackle, due to the valve timing essential for such a performance as she boasts. At high speeds traffic realises that it is being overtaken by something with a kick in it. The bodywork is fully worthy of the chassis. I especially commend the stern locker, which when closed and locked will hold as much as most, and can be left open with an extra cabin trunk on its lid. Altogether, a magnificent car of which the British industry should be extremely proud.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 15.—CARDINAL'S HAT

Monibags, on a nine-hole golf course, played nine holes at golf against each of his three daughters.

To encourage the girls he said: "I will pay each of you on the following basis in respect of every hole I fail to win. If I fail to win at a single hole, I pay £1; if I fail to win at two consecutive holes, I pay £3 (£1 plus £2); if I fail to win at three consecutive holes, I pay £6 (£1 plus £2 plus £3). And so on progressively.

"Each match ranks as a separate event. That is to say, the first hole in each match counts in any case as the first of a series."

Monibags did badly. He paid out £47. In all three matches he was beaten at the Willows (which is the second hole) and won at the Cardinal's Hat. He also won two other holes, once each.

Which hole is the Cardinal's Hat?

PROBLEM 13.—APHRODITE

It can be stated with certainty that the following boys did not paint the statue: Ackers, Heath, Lloyd, Pritchard, Campbell, Jones, Summers, Bates.

i.e., the statue was painted by Walter Cook.

For (1) if Campbell painted the statue, the statements of Ackers, Campbell, Summers and Cook are true.

(2) if Lloyd painted the statue, the statements of Heath, Lloyd, Pritchard, and Jones are true.

(3) if Ackers, Heath, Pritchard, Jones, Summers or Bates painted the statue, the statements of Heath, Summers, Cook, and Bates are true.

Hence (4) Cook painted the statue; the three true statements are those of Heath, Pritchard, and Summers.

"I wonder," writes one solver, "why we were not asked who painted the statue."

The answer is that I wished it to appear an open question as to whether or no this could be definitely deduced.

Several solvers have tied themselves up in an astonishing tangle of hypotheses.

PROBLEM 12.—SPLITZKI

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to:

H. G. Ellcock, Boro' Treasurer's Dept., 12, Upper George Street, Luton.

There were 4 correct and 50 incorrect solutions. On the cumulative point basis, *ten* points are awarded for this problem. The composer receives *twelve* points.

PROBLEM 11.—SAVINGS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to:

G. J. Wilson, 115, Cavendish Road, Kersal, Manchester.

There were 133 correct and 22 incorrect solutions. On the cumulative point basis, *seven* points are awarded for this problem.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM-SOLVERS

One set of Low's cartoons is awarded weekly to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition a record is kept of the names of senders of all correct solutions submitted. All solvers qualify for book prizes on a cumulative-point basis. For particulars see THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of December 24th.

Solutions to the current problem must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than the next Tuesday but one after the date of publication.

CALIBAN

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. A Bit of a Test. Wed., Fri

DRURY LANE. Wild Violets. Wed. & Sat.

DUCHESS. Children in Uniform. Wed., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Once in a Lifetime. Wed., Sat.

ST. MARTIN'S. The Green Bay Tree. Tu.W.F.

SAVOY. Jolly Roger. Wed. & Sat. & East. Mon.

WESTMINSTER. The Lake. Wed., Sat.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Tem. 6404. 8.15. Wed., Fri., 2.30.
RALPH LYNN in
A BIT OF A TEST.
By Ben Travers.

CROYDON REPERTORY. Fairfield 4529.
April 10 for one week at 8 p.m. (Sat. 5 p.m. and 8.15 p.m.)
(No performance on Good Friday).
THE CRADLE SONG. By MARTINEZ SIERRA.
Translated by John Garrett Underhill.
All seats bookable, 1/6 to 3/6. Close to W. Croydon Stn.

DRURY LANE. Evgs., 8.15. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
HASSARD SHORT'S production of
WILD VIOLETS.
A Musical Comedy Operetta. Tem. 7171.

DUCHESS, Aldwych, W.C.2. Tem. Bar 8243 & 4.
Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., and EASTER MON. at 2.30.
CHILDREN IN UNIFORM.
N.B. NEW PRICES 2/- to 6/-, including tax.

QUEEN'S THEATRE. (Ger. 4517).
Evenings at 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
BARRY JACKSON presents :—
ONCE IN A LIFETIME
EDITH EVANS.

ST. MARTIN'S. (Tem. Bar 1443).
Evenings at 8.30. Mats., Tues., Wed. & Fri. at 2.30.
THE GREEN BAY TREE
by Mordaunt Shairp.

SAVOY. 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Extra Mat. East. Mon.
GEORGE ROBEY in
JOLLY ROGER. (Tem. B. 8888.)

WESTMINSTER THEATRE. Vic. 0283 & 0284.
Palace St., Buckingham Gate, S.W. Adm. 2/5 to 10/6.
EVENINGS 8.30. MATS., WED., & SAT., 2.30.
SPECIAL MATINEE : EASTER MON. at 2.30.
MARIE NEY in **THE LAKE.**
By Dorothy Massingham and Murray Macdonald.

PICTURE THEATRES

COLISEUM. Charing Cross. Com. Mon., April 10.
Noon. (Good Friday & Sundays from 6 p.m.)
MARIE DRESSLER & POLLY MORAN in
PROSPERITY, and SYDNEY HOWARD in
IT'S A KING. Price 1/- to 3/9, incl. Tax.

EMPIRE Leic. Sq. Ger. 1234. 10 a.m.—12 p.m.
WHEELER and WOOLSEY
in *SO THIS IS AFRICA!*
Also *AIR HOSTESS* with EVALYN KNAPP,
JAMES MURRAY, THELMA TODD

CONFERENCE

F.P.S.I. EASTER CONFERENCE.

The Federation of Progressive Societies and Individuals invites outside applications for its Easter Conference at Stratton Park, Micheldever, Hants. Total cost (5 days), £2 15s. Speakers : Lord Allen of Hurtwood on "Reason *versus* Violence in Modern Politics," W. Olaf Stapledon on "Aims of World Planning," and Mr. C. E. M. Joad on "That Oxford Resolution." There will be an Open Forum on F.P.S.I. policy. A programme of social events will be arranged. Applications with booking fee of 10s. to be sent to SECRETARY, F.P.S.I., 21 St. Stephens House, Westminster, S.W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS

GYMNOSOPHY—A MESSAGE FROM HAVELOCK ELLIS in this month's "GYMNOS." Obtainable through all Branches and Bookstalls of W. H. Smith and Son, Wyman and Sons, also from Messrs. Hendersons, Charing Cross Road, International Library, Russell Square, W.C., etc., etc., or 1s. 2d. post free from GYMNIC ASSOCIATION OF GREAT BRITAIN (Dept. B), 79 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2.

BOOKPLATES, Heraldic and Pictorial, designed from £2 2s. Particulars from OSBORNE, 27 Eastcastle St., London, W.1.

TARTAN travel rugs, all pure wool, 60 by 72in. fringed, 15s. each. Lighter weight 10s. 6d. List of clans on application. MIDLOTHIAN WOOLLEN MILLS, Slateford, Scotland.

BRITISH SUN BATHING LEAGUE provides West-End Indoor club-like Solarium, with Ultra-Violet and Artificial Sun insolation. Exercises, games. Also charming woodland Sun Park. Both sexes, German lines. Write Box 143, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

"WHY I Became a Unitarian." Booklets, free. —Miss BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE: universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe; extermination guaranteed; from Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores, or Sole Makers: Howarths, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., post free.

REAL HARRIS HOMESPUNS.—Any length cut. Patterns free on stating shades desired.—JAMES STREET TWEED DEPOT, 104 Stornoway, N.B.

HAEMORRHOIDS (PILES)

Emkolene Ointment gives instant and lasting relief. Never fails. Simple and safe. Obtainable through Boots' and all chemists or direct from
THE EMKOLENE MFG. CO.,
FRIENDLY HOUSE, CHISWELL STREET, LONDON, E.C.1.
3s., post free in plain wrapper.

RESTAURANTS

"RULES," Maiden Lane, "Covent Garden."
A Bit of Old London, est. 1780.
Lunch, Dinner and Late Supper. Licensed till Midnight.

SHOWBOAT Restaurant, Piccadilly. Southern Fried Chicken. Omelettes, unique cooking, inexpensive. MRS. COOK'S, 12 Denman St., fcg. Regent Palace Hotel.

LECTURES

BRITISH SEXOLOGICAL SOCIETY Meeting will be held at 34 Red Lion Square, Holborn, W.C.1. (Nat. Sun. League Hall) on Tuesday, April 11th.
DR. DOUGLAS BRYAN, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.
on "BISEXUALITY."
Dr. George Bedborough will take the Chair at 8.0 p.m. Information from SEC. British Sexological Society, 4 Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1.

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, April 9th, at 11 a.m.
C. DELISLE BURNS, M.A., D.Litt.
THE MORAL ISSUE IN PUBLIC POLICY.
Sunday 6.30 p.m. Concert of Chamber Music.
Admission Free. Visitors Welcome.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

SANDERSTEAD, SURREY. Close 2 stns., 30 minutes London. Near several good Schools. One of the best-built houses in district, Detached, freehold, garage. 5 beds, 2 rec. £1,575. Mortgage easily arranged. 'Phone owner-occupier, Purley 3192.

HAMPSTEAD Garden Suburb, detached, architect house, ideal situation, large garden, two reception, four bedrooms, sun loggia, garage. 47 Hill Top, N.W.11.

ROOMS IN GEORGIAN HOUSE with unique view over Thames. Seven minutes walk Tower Bridge. Suit artist or writer. Box 317, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

OLD COASTGUARD COTTAGE plainly but pleasingly furnished for four, overlooking Poole Harbour. Boating. Bathing. Six months. Rutter, 7 Pierhead, Wapping, E.1.

TO let, large room, two windows overlooking square, furnished or unfurnished. Apply, DIXON, 20, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.1.

CLAPHAM PARK. Delightful four-roomed balcony flat in private gardens. Perfect quiet but only 2 minutes from Tube, Buses and Common. Electric light, bath. All to be redecorated. Teachers, Civil Servants or similar professions only need apply. No children. Rent 32s. Garage on premises, 4s. extra. Write OWNER, 206, Stewarts Road, S.W.8.

LARGE Unfurnished Rooms, 15s., 21s. ; or Furnished. Quiet, pleasant house. 22 Belsize Avenue, N.W.3. Prim. 1043.

TRAVEL, HOTELS, &c.

THACKERAY HOTEL.
OPPOSITE the British Museum, Gt. Russell St. W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Comfort, refinement. Bedroom and Breakfast 8s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet "London Old and New" on application.

WHERE to Stay in London.—THE LODGE, 1, St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast 5s. 6d. day, or 30s. weekly. With dinner 6s. 6d. or 2 guineas weekly.

EASTER AT SOUTHWOLD.
SOUTHWOLD, on the Suffolk Coast, is different from the usual seaside resort and possesses an attraction which induces visitors to return year after year. The wonderful old Church ; the open "greens" ; the great Common overlooking the sea and the river, are features of the Town. Across the river is the picturesque village of WALBERSWICK, the haunt of famous Artists for two generations. From here walks may be taken across heather-covered commons and silent marshes to the lost city of DUNWICH ; and to BLYTHBURGH, with its cathedral-like Church ; or WENHASTON, with its great mediaeval "Doom" ; or to the beautiful villages of WESTLETON and MIDDLETON.
Southwold provides for visitors, Golf (18 holes) ; hard and grass Tennis Courts ; Bowls ; Sea Angling, or Trawling with local "Longshore" Fishermen ; safe Sea Bathing ; and it is a good centre for morning or afternoon motor tours through an unspoilt countryside, full of splendid village Churches and with great Castles such as Framlingham, Mettingham, Wingfield and Orford.
By road it is 105 miles from London. By train it is about a two-hour run to SAXMUNDHAM (fourteen miles), and a little more to HALESWORTH (nine miles), where motors from Hotels meet visitors by appointment.
There is the old SWAN HOTEL (Tel. No. 5) (h. and c. in all Bedrooms)—an old coaching house with a century's reputation for real comfort ; now under the management of Miss Baker (formerly of the University Arms Hotel, Cambridge, and the Esplanade Hotel, Seaford). There is also the smaller CROWN HOTEL (Tel. No. 53)—an early Georgian House ; under the management of Miss Constantine (late of the Royal Crescent Hotel, Filey) : and the PIER AVENUE HOTEL (Tel. 42) ; Proprietor, Mr. W. L. H. Moore. About half a mile outside the town, standing in its own grounds is the RANDOLPH HOTEL (Tel. 13) ; Proprietor, Mr. G. J. Buttle.

LIVE in the real country. Oaklands International Hostel, Hildenborough, Kent, offers home to town dweller in lovely country. Private car to main line station. Whole journey City one hour. Wonderful social life. Tennis, music, dramatics, etc. Charge, including travel, 45s. weekly. Apply WARDEN.

TORQUAY. Howden Court Private Hotel. Quiet but central situation. Overlooking sea. South aspect. Sun room and secluded garden. H. and C. water in bedrooms. A.A. appointed. Telephone 2807.

BOURNEMOUTH'S FOOD REFORM GUEST HOUSE, Loughtonhurst, West Cliff Gdns. Everything for a restful and happy holiday. From 49s. to 70s. P.W. Write to Manager for Prospectus.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Walsall House Private Hotel. West Cliff. Excellent cuisine and service, quiet situation. Sea 3 minutes. 'Phone 1926.—Miss L. STANLEY.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Warm, sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Central heating, log fires. H. and c. water all bedrooms. Telephone 126.

WINKFIELD, near Windsor. Paying Guests. Lunches, teas and dinners. Why not a real country rest at The Gouldings Guest House. Personally supervised. 'Phone, 167.

SWITZERLAND : WILDERSWIL, Interlaken. PARK-HOTEL DES ALPES. Splendid view of Jungfrau, etc. Centre for walks and daily excursions. Modern comforts. MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS. Further information apply : MMES. E. and M. LUTHI.

ESSENTIAL NEWS

is a weekly world survey made up of quotations and summaries intelligently selected from English and Foreign sources. It concentrates on vital facts and constructive suggestions, saving the time of busy people.

Special article—April 8—PEACE OR POISON

SPECIMEN COPY FREE

Fourpence weekly—4 months' subscription 5s. to any address.
Obtainable at chief bookstalls or from

65 PORTLAND PLACE, LONDON, W.1

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

FINANCIAL ETIQUETTE—CANADIAN AND GREEK MANNERS—UNION CORPORATION—SHAREHOLDERS' PROTECTION

SOME enterprising lawyer with a flair for finance should quickly codify the etiquette usually observed in the relations between international debtor and creditor. The ceremonial has been broken so often in this slump that the financial world is in danger of losing its sense of decorum altogether. Perhaps some official at Geneva with a first-hand knowledge of the rudeness shown to the holders of League of Nations loans will make a start. The latest offender in financial manners, if not in morals, is the Government of Canada. When a nation borrows from the foreigner it is expected not to put a special tax on coupons just because they are payable abroad. This, however, the Canadian Government attempted to do in its 1933–1934 budget. It proposed the imposition of a 5 per cent. tax at source on interest and dividends paid to non-residents, only Dominion of Canada and Canadian National Railway guaranteed bonds being excepted. The London Stock Exchange was so indignant that dealers temporarily suspended the market in Canadian loans. And the Canadian Finance Minister, Mr. Rhodes, climbed down. The exemption from the tax has been extended to all sterling securities of Canadian borrowers—in fact to all such securities in a currency other than Canadian. So Canadian loans were restored to the position and price level of respectability in the Stock Exchange lists. Not that the Stock Exchange is yet happy. It has addressed a petition to the Dominion authorities requesting an assurance that British holders of Canadian loans issued in London on which the interest is payable either in sterling or in Canadian dollars will not have to pay the tax if they collect in Canadian currency. Nevertheless, it was an important victory for the British bondholder. As Great Britain has some £3,500 millions (at par) lent abroad, it would be very serious if every foreign debtor took a leaf out of the Canadian book of naughtiness.

* * *

The Chairman of the Hellenic & General Trust has raised another point of financial etiquette in his speech to shareholders. Under the so-called Varvaressos Agreement, allowing the Greek Government to suspend sinking funds and remit only part (30 per cent.) of the annual interest, it was provided that the foreign holders of long-term commercial obligations should not be granted better treatment in the transfer of exchange than the creditors of the Government. This principle has been followed by other debtor Governments in this slump but it is not supported by ancient practice. The assumption that the solvency of a private debtor must not be rated higher than the solvency of the Government is a new-fangled, Communistic doctrine. According to the Chairman of the Hellenic & General Trust, there are many commercial debtors in Greece able and willing to meet their foreign obligations but compelled to default because the Bank of Greece, under the Varvaressos Agreement, refuses to allot foreign exchange to them in excess of the percentage allowed for Government loans. And there are signs of reviving trade in Greece which would allow new foreign credits to be granted if exchange restrictions were lifted. The question of priority in foreign exchange crops up again in the discussions with the Argentine trade mission. Here an agreement has been reached, we understand, allotting the exchange now being taken by the Government for the sinking funds on its external loans to the foreign commercial interest with "frozen" balances in the Argentine. In other words, the trader is to be helped at the expense of the Government bondholders. The Greek Government would do well to recognise that trade (current services) should have priority over funded debt (past services) when there is a pretty desperate fight for survival going on.

* * *

Gold mine shareholders who on Toreador's advice refused to be frightened out of their holdings a month or so ago will be delighted by the behaviour of the Kaffir market this week. The leading high-grade or medium-grade producers (Sub Nigel, Crowns, Geduld and East Geduld) have all risen on strong buying by investment trusts and other institutions. It is good to see the conservatism of the old-fashioned investor being broken down by the record monthly profit figures of the South African gold producers. The distrust of currencies and the confidence in gold—that "barbarous relic"—is to some extent disgusting, but investors must be realists. They must recognise that the so-called "gold premium" will become permanent if the gold standard is to be reintroduced on the basis of the new de facto parities. The directors of the Union Corporation in their annual report issued this week write: "The gold premium now available on the production of new gold in countries no longer on the gold standard should lead to increasing production of the precious metal; and the later possibility of reduced gold parities, and therefore of a *stabilised* increase in the price of gold, gives hope that the present prosperity of the gold-mining industry is more than a passing phase." Investors who have not participated in the rise in the Kaffir market might well take an indirect interest by buying the shares of Union Corporation. This Company controls Geduld and the developing mine East Geduld and has interests also in Modder Deep Levels (a rich mine with only some five years to run) and Grootvlei Proprietary Mines, an undeveloped area (with possibilities) next door to East Geduld. Union Corporation has also interests in British Enka Artificial Silk, Polyphonwerke A.G. and San Francisco Mines of Mexico, all of which have no doubt been written down to a nominal figure in the balance-sheet although some day they may be very valuable. The Union Corporation 12s. 6d. shares are at present quoted at $3\frac{15}{16}$ cum final dividend to yield £4 15s. per cent. on the 1932 distribution of 28 per cent. Last year the Company earned 39 per cent., and as higher dividends from its gold mining properties will accrue in the current year, a substantial increase in dividends is to be expected.

	Divs. Due.	Financial Year ending 31st Dec., 1932.		Price.	Approx. Yield %.
		Earned %	Paid %		
Union Corp. 12/6 ord.	Apl.	39	28	$3\frac{7}{8}$d.	£4 15 0 on 28%

* * *

President Roosevelt's proposals for safeguarding the investor will interest our company law reformers. It is curious that British law—thanks to the Companies' Act of 1929—should be in advance of American in this matter, while the London Stock Exchange is so far behind New York in its pursuit of financial malefactors. The New York Stock Exchange has a special department for tracking down and exposing Company "ramps" and frauds: in London the Committee of the Stock Exchange hardly lifts a finger to stop the dishonest or immoral issue until the prison doors have closed upon the promoters. Under Mr. Roosevelt's plan for the cleaning up of Wall Street new capital issues must be registered with the Inter-State Commerce Commission together with full details of the purposes of the issue and the underwriting profits received or receivable. But Mr. Roosevelt is not content with checking fraud for the future. He is determined to expose the bad financial practices of the past. His new Attorney-General is showing great energy in rounding up bankers. Detectives swooped down upon Mr. Mitchell, the ex-President of the National City Bank, before even he had been indicted by a grand jury. If bankers cannot be arrested for breach of the income-tax laws they are being prevailed upon to resign (for example, Mr. Albert Wiggin, chairman of the Chase National Bank). And if they cannot be made to resign the Senate Stock Market Investigating Committee is encouraged to worry them with public inquiries and examination. The latest victim to take the Senate "stand" is none other than J. P. Morgan and Company. Banker-baiting is a new sort of Roman holiday for the people—designed, no doubt, to divert public attention from the collapse of the financial system and the helplessness of the administration.

* * *

Apropos the safeguarding of the investor, we congratulate the Shareholders' Protection Association in causing the directors of the Stoll Theatres Corporation to call an Extraordinary Meeting for April 25th. Some three months ago, at the annual meeting, the directors refused the requests of shareholders for more information as to the cause of the present unsatisfactory position of the Company and its many subsidiaries. The Shareholders' Protection Association, however, organised a requisition for an extraordinary meeting and obtained the signatures of holders of 400,000 shares. If the Shareholders' Protection Association is instrumental in remedying the divorce between ownership and control, which obtains not only in Stoll Theatres Corporation but in most public companies, it will be doing a very great service. We suggest that the Stock Exchange, out of its handsome profits, should devote a good subscription to the Association to help on its work of supplementing the law. And we recommend shareholders to support the Association by active membership. (*Subscription:* 10*s.* per annum. *Secretary:* John Wilmot, 78, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.)

THE charge for Classified Advertisements is One Shilling and Sixpence per line per insertion (a line averages seven words). One line should be added for Box Number. Substantial reduction for a series of insertions. Copy first post Wednesday. The Advt. Manager, N.S. & N., 10 Great Queen Street, W.C.2. (Hol. 3217.)

SCHOLARSHIPS

THE University will shortly proceed to award two University Post-Graduate Travelling Studentships, each of the value of £275 for one year, and seven Post-Graduate Studentships of the value of £150. The Studentships are open to both Internal and External Graduates of the University. Applications (on a prescribed form) must reach the Principal, University of London, South Kensington, S.W.7 (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than 1 May, 1933.

MILL HILL SCHOOL, N.W.7.

Entrance Scholarships.

An examination will be held on the 25th May, 1933, when several Entrance Scholarships will be offered for competition to candidates who will be over 12 and under 14 years of age on 1st April next. The value of the Scholarships varies between a nominal sum and a maximum of £100 per annum according to, (1) the financial position of the boy's parents, (2) the standard of the boy's attainments. Two of the Scholarships at least, however, are of a minimum value of £80 per annum. Valuable Ministerial Exhibitions are also offered for the sons of Christian Ministers.

Candidates who do not win Scholarships may be accepted for admission to the School without further examination, provided that their work is of sufficient merit.

For further information and application forms, apply to the BURSAR, Mill Hill School, N.W.7.

DURHAM SCHOOL. THE EXAMINATION for KING'S SCHOLARSHIPS, ranging in annual value from £20 to £70, will begin at 9 a.m. on Tuesday, June 13th. Candidates must be under 14 on July 1st following the Examination. For further particulars, apply to REV. H. K. LUCE, HEADMASTER, School House, Durham.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, HAMPSTEAD, N.W.3.

Two entrance scholarships of £39 and two of £20 per annum will be awarded on the Common Entrance Examination, June 20th and 21st, 1933, provided candidates of sufficient merit present themselves. For other conditions apply to the Head Master.

The School awards leaving scholarships to the University annually, and provides four different courses of advanced study leading up to the Higher Certificate and University entrance scholarships. See Public Schools Year Book.

SCHOOLS

SCHOOLS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.
Tutors for all exams.
Prospectuses and reliable information forwarded free of charge.
The age of the pupil, district preferred, and rough idea of fees should be given.
J. and J. PATON, Educational Agents, 143, Cannon Street, London, E.C.4.

THE MOUNT, MILL HILL, N.W.7. Day-Boarding and weekly boarding school. Girls 4—18. Modified Dalton plan. High country surroundings. Gymnasium, swimming-pool. Private 'bus from Highgate and Golders Green daily. MISS MACGREGOR, B.A., Lond.

BADMINTON SCHOOL (Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol)
A PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
Visitor: The Right Hon. the Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, P.C., K.C., M.A., D.C.L., LL.D. *President of the Board of Governors:* Gilbert Murray, Esq., LL.D., D.Litt. F.B.A. *Vice-Presidents:* Ernest Barker, Esq., Litt.D., D.Litt., Hon. LL.D.; Miss E. H. Major, C.B.E., M.A. *Chairman:* J. Odery Symes, Esq., M.D. *Head Mistress:* Miss B. M. Baker, B.A.

BRECHIN PLACE SCHOOL for Girls and Boys.—Apply Mrs. E. M. SPENCER, 11 Brechin Place, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.

IS your son or daughter going eventually to a MODERN SCHOOL or to a TRADITIONAL PUBLIC SCHOOL?
HALSTEAD PLACE,
Near SEVENOAKS,
is a preparatory school for boys and girls, aged 6–14, from which children have passed on happily to both kinds of school. Good examination record combined with freedom and modern outlook.

BEDALES, Petersfield, Hants. The Pioneer Co-educational Public School (founded 1893). Separate Junior House. For particulars of Scholarships offered apply to the Headmaster, J. H. BADLEY, M.A., Camb.

THE GARDEN SCHOOL, WYCOMBE COURT, LANE END, BUCKS. Boarding School for Girls (ages 4-18) in lovely part of Chiltern Hills, 61 acres, 500ft. above sea level. Sound education on free, individual lines, with scope for initiative and creative self-expression in all subjects including arts, crafts, music, dancing, eurhythmics. Aims at developing harmonised cultured personalities with a wide outlook on life and a high ideal of social usefulness. Fees £105-£165 per annum. Bursaries granted in suitable cases.

ST. CHRISTOPHER SCHOOL, LETCHWORTH (Recognised by the Board of Education). A thorough education at moderate fees for boys and girls to 19 years in an open air atmosphere where health of body and mind is regarded as the necessary foundation for education. Headmaster:—H. LYN HARRIS, M.A., LL.B. (Camb.).

KESWICK SCHOOL, English Lakes. For boys and girls from 8 to 19. Max. Incl. fee, £82. Scholarship examination in May. Apply HEADMASTER.

BEACON Hill School, Harting, Petersfield. Founded by Bertrand and Dora Russell. Co-educational. Applies modern knowledge to diet, teaching methods and psychology. Address inquiries DORA RUSSELL.

SCHOOLS—continued

KING ARTHUR'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.—Apply Miss WALKERDINE, B.A., Courtfield Gardens, S.W.5.

PINEWOOD, Crowborough, Sussex. On borders of Ashdown Forest. Progressive home school for boys and girls. Individual education. Apply PRINCIPALS.

MALTMAN'S GREEN, GERRARD'S CROSS. *Head Mistress:* Miss CHAMBERS, Girton College, Cambridge, late Head Mistress of the Huddersfield High School. The aim of the School is to develop the character, intellect and healthy growth of the child for the good of the community, to encourage self-expression, to increase resource and initiative by practical work. The girls will be prepared for the Universities, the Medical Profession, and for advanced work in Music or Art. Fees include Elocution, Dancing, Cookery. Gerrard's Cross is 300ft. above sea-level and is on gravel soil. The house is delightfully situated in its own grounds of 15 acres.

DR. WILLIAMS' SCHOOL, DOLGELLEY, NORTH WALES.
RECOGNISED BY BOARD OF EDUCATION
HEADMISTRESS:
Miss E. CONSTANCE NIGHTINGALE, M.A.
Endowed School. Moderate inclusive fee for board, tuition and books. Individual attention. Special attention to health and diet. Three leaving Scholarships tenable any University.

Is Yours a 3½% Income?

UP TO 15% GUARANTEED FOR LIFE BY LEADING ANNUITY COMPANY

If your private income has been, or is to be, reduced, consider the advantages of an Annuity. Instead of 3½ per cent. you could receive up to 15 per cent., according to your age. This greatly increased income would be guaranteed to you for life, however long you live. All your plans for the future could be made with that in mind.

The Sun Life of Canada is the leading Annuity Company. It specialises in Annuities, and its contracts meet the most widely divergent needs. You, for instance, can take the benefits of a larger income, guaranteed for life, and yet take care of the future of your dependents. This is a new phase of Annuity business, another example of Sun Life of Canada leadership.

Retired men, widows and others who have suffered serious reduction in income are finding the best solution to their difficulties in Sun Life of Canada Annuities. There are now over 12,000 Sun Life of Canada annuitants in the British Isles.

If your Private Income is not now sufficient for your needs, or if you have had anxiety about your investments, send this Form or a Letter. You incur no obligation.

FILL IN & POST TO-DAY FOR FULL DETAILS

To H. O. LEACH (General Manager),
SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA
(Incorporated in Canada in 1865 as a Limited Company),
10, Sun of Canada House, Cockspur Street, Trafalgar Square, London, S.W.1

I have £..... invested (or to invest) and shall be glad to know what income this sum would provide, and what amount would remain for my dependents.

NAME.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
ADDRESS.....
.....
EXACT DATE OF BIRTH.....

New Statesman & Nation, 8/4/33.

TRAINING CENTRES—continued

BIRKBECK COLLEGE.
(University of London.)
Principal: GEORGE SENTER, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.I.C.
Evening Courses for the Degree of the University of London in the
FACULTIES OF ARTS, SCIENCE AND LAWS.
Courses in Classical French, English, German and Italian Literature and Languages.
Open to Non-University Students.
Studentships to the value of over £800 are awarded annually to students of the College.
Calendar, 1s.; by post, 1s. 4d. Prospectus free.
For full particulars apply to the SECRETARY:
BIRKBECK COLLEGE, FETTER LANE, E.C.4.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, EXETER.

Prepares for external London Degrees. Residential, three men's and three women's hostels. Playing-fields, own estate 140 acres. Holiday Course for Foreigners (residential) August 1st to 25th, English-speaking members admitted. Apply REGISTRAR.

HOME CIVIL, I.C.S., CONSULAR, F.O.
144 Successes, 1925-1932.
DAVIES'S, 5 Sussex Place, W.2. Pad. 3351/2.
NEXT TERM BEGINS WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26TH.

THE SCHOOL, DARTINGTON HALL, TOTNES, SOUTH DEVON. A department for the training of teachers in Nursery School, Kindergarten, and Junior School methods was opened in September. Special attention is paid to the contributions of the newer schools of psychology and to the utilisation for education of rural life and industries. There will also be short courses for parents, school matrons, and others interested. Further particulars on application.

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford. Principal, Miss STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years, and includes Educational and Medical Gymnastics, Massage, Dancing, Hockey, Lacrosse, Cricket, Tennis, Netball, etc. Fees £165 per annum. For prospectus, apply SECRETARY.

THE BEDFORD TRAINING COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS, 14 The Crescent, Bedford. Recognised by the Board of Education. Principal: Miss MARGARET SPENCER. Students are prepared for the examinations of the National Froebel Union. The course of training is for 3 years. Fees with residence £94 10s. to £100 16s. Fees without residence £31 10s. —For particulars apply SECRETARY.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

The Senate invite applications for the University Chair of History tenable at Westfield College. Salary £1,000 a year. Applications (12 copies) must be received not later than first post on April 21st, 1933, by the ACADEMIC REGISTRAR, University of London, S.W.7, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL OF DAGENHAM.
PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

The Council invite applications for the appointment of a trained ASSISTANT (MALE) in their Libraries Department.

Candidates must be 21 years of age and have had previous experience in Public Library work. Salary £160 per annum rising subject to satisfactory service by increments of £10 to £200 per annum, plus additional increments for recognised Examination Diplomas.

The appointment is a designated post for the purposes of the Local Government and Other Officers' Superannuation Act, 1922. The successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination.

Applications giving full particulars of previous experience and examination qualifications, together with copies of three testimonials of recent date, to be delivered to the undersigned in sealed envelopes, endorsed "Library Assistant" not later than first post on Saturday, April 22nd, 1933.

Canvassing in any form will be deemed a disqualification.

The Council Offices,
Valence House,
Chadwell Heath.
April 3rd, 1933.

F. W. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Council.

HOUSEKEEPER, 37, seeks post where little girl, aged 4, could accompany; excellent cooking; drive car. Box 315, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

INTERVIEWING SPECIALIST criticises letters of application for educational posts. Hints given about interviews. Inclus. fee, 5s. BOX 310 N.S. & N. 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

TYPEWRITING

REPORTING, SHORTHAND, DUPLICATING Technical MSS. and Plays a Speciality. Verbatim or condensed reporting. Temporary Shorthand-Typists provided.—METROPOLITAN TYPING AND REPORTING OFFICE, 75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.
Tel.: Holborn 6182.

AUTHORS' MSS., PLAYS, etc., accurately and promptly typed by experienced typist.—Mrs. BROOKER, 37, Belmont Road, St. Andrew's Park, Bristol.

DUPLICATING AND TYPEWRITING, ETC.
Authors' MSS. and Plays promptly executed.
ALL work guaranteed proof-read and checked.
Secretaries and all Office Staff, Temporary or Permanent.
PROMPT SERVICE BUREAU, LIMITED.
6 Conduit Street, W.1. (Mayfair 3163/4.)

LITERARY

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. REGENT INSTITUTE (191A) Palace Gate, W.8.